THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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A NATION OF PROPHECY.

Ex-Senator James R. Doolittle, in a Fourth of July Address at Racine, Wis., Says That the Foundation of the United States Was Foretold by an Assyrian King.

Some Curious and Impressive Deductions Made From Biblical History—The Future of the Republic.

On July Fourth, the citizens of Racine, Wis., had a magnificent celebration of Independence Day. There was a large procession of societies, and a great display of the wonderfully varied industries of Racine, which reflected credit on that enterprising city. After the parade was dismissed, an enormous mass-meeting was held on the lake shore, near the Hotel Racine. It was called to order by Mr. Thomas M. Kearney, who introduced ex-senator James R. Doolittle as chairman. The Declaration of Independence was read by Mr. N. Ingalls, after which the oration was delivered by John F. Finerty, of Chicago. Judge Doolittle's address is given in full as follows:

EX-SENATOR DOOLITTLE'S ADDRESS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: For the great honor of being called upon to preside on this occasion, I thank you, with a full heart; for I verily believe the greatest event in all history (save only the coming of Christ) was the birthday of this Republic July 4, 1776—118 years ago today. We have come here to celebrate the anniversary of this great event. I rejoice to take part with you. If, in a few words, I may give utterance to some thoughts calculated to inspire the breasts of these young men and young women around me, with a deeper consciousness of that high destiny to which, under God, this American Republic is called, as a power, among the nations of the earth; and, if, at the same time, I may lift the thoughts of these men and women in middle life, and more advanced years, above the petty interests and passions of the passing hour and enable them to look out upon this beloved land of ours, in its past, present and future, from a higher standpoint than the rostrum of a presidential canvass, or the forum of the senate even; and, if, by so doing, I may awaken in all here a pure and lofty and holy patriotism, something akin to religious enthusiasm; in a word, if I may say anything to strengthen your faith, in the perpetuity and success of our republican system of government, I shall rejoice, and doubly rejoice, at my coming here, to preside at this celebration.

The ultimate destiny of this Republic, its true position in history, the part it has already played, it is now playing, and is to play hereafter, among the nations of the earth, is to me, the great and all-absorbing question—aye—the question of questions, which the American patriot, and the American Christian is most concerned to know. To solve that problem, it is not only our right, but our duty to bring to bear upon it, so far as we may be able, the whole power of human reason, the light of all history, and, if it be possible, the light of revelation. To the reasoning of the statesman, and to the love of the patriot, I would join the faith of the Christian. On other occasions I have spoken at length on this great theme. I now only glance at it—stating only the results of long study and reflection during many years. All Christians, and a large majority of all learned men, accept the bible as a divinely inspired book. Assuming this to be true, the bible informs us that nearly 2,5000 years ago, the greatest warrior, statesman and monarch of the Eastern World, had a political vision of what should thereafter come to pass in the governments of the world, in which, to quote the exact language, "the God of Heaven made known to him what shall be in the latter days." I refer to the King of Assyria—and empire which had then already ruled the world for nearly 1,400 years. Its capital was the city of Babylon. Its walls were 320 feet high, 87 feet thick and 60 miles in length around the city.

Chicago is a great city. The World's Fair was a great thing; the Ferris wheel a great engineering work; but nothing to compare with the walls, or hanging gardens, and palaces of Babylon. Chicago has a great drainage work on hand, in progress now, a great channel for the outflow of the waters of Lake Michigan, 160 feet wide, 18 feet deep through the rock. It may cost $50,000,000. But great as it is, as a public work, it is as nothing compared to that great artificial lake of Babylon—40 miles square and 35 feet deep—which was excavated to receive the flood waters of the River Euphrates and prevent the overflow of the city. All the money in the world at this day—$7,000,000,000—would not half pay to construct those walls and hanging gardens, and excavate that great artificial lake. I refer to this only to show the greatness and the immense riches of that empire, over which that king then reigned, to whom the God of Heaven gave that political vision.

That vision embraced five great periods in human history—one, then at its zenith, and four yet to come. It embraced five great civilizations in their order:

1. The Golden Kingdom, and civilization of Assyria itself.

2. The Silver Kingdom, and civilization of Medo-Persia, which followed next after, and overthrew the Golden Kingdom under Cyrus the Great.

3. The Brazen Kingdom, and civilization of the Greeks, which followed next after, and overthrew the Silver Kingdom under Alexander the Great.

4. Next in the order of events came the Iron Kingdom of the Romans, whose conquering legions took no steps backward, which followed next after and overthrew the Brazen Kingdom of the Greeks; which became subdivided into the ten lesser kingdoms of Europe—part of iron and part of clay—"partly strong and partly broken;" which constitute the European nations with their balance of power system and armed neutrality, as they now exist to this day.

Fellow-citizens, I have already said I deem the greatest event in all history, the coming of Christ. That occurred at the time when the Iron Kingdom of Rome was at the zenith of its power; under the reign of Augustus Cæsar. It was at a time when all the world was at peace, simply because the conquering legions of Rome could find no more regions upon earth to conquer by the sword. It was then that Jesus of Nazareth, the spiritual redeemer and reformer of mankind, was born. His mission was peace on earth to men of good will. He came to bring life and immortality to light; to lift men upward and heavenward—toward God, especially to lift up the poor, the weak and the lowly. But his kingdom was spiritual, not political. It was based upon two great ideas: Supreme love to God, and love to man. Love for the equal rights of all men, as the children of one common father. While he expressly disclaimed any temporal power, or political dominion, his doctrines prepared the way for the establishment, in the fullness of time, of the fifth and great political power, which was seen in that wonderful political vision "of what should be in the latter days." For sixteen centuries Christianity, not by force of arms, but by the simple teaching of the love to God and love to man; not by the sword, but by patience and long suffering and martyrdom, by the dungeon, the stake and the cross, waged a spiritual warfare against principalities and powers. It overcame the paganism and blood-thirstiness of Rome. It overcame, and to a great extent, christianized the innumerable hordes of Asiatic and Northern barbarians, which over-ran and crushed out the decaying civilization of the Romans; and finally subdivided the empire into the ten lesser kingdoms of [illegible] It prepared the way, for what I have said, was next to the coming of Christ—the greatest event in all history, viz: The establishment of this great Republic—the outgrowth and heir of all the ages in this New World. We come now to the fifth and the last, in that vision of the coming future, in which the King of Assyria saw the rise of this great Republic, the United States of America—"the Kingdom of the Stone." It is that of which the prophet says: "And in the days of these kings" (referring to the ten lesser kingdoms of Europe, into which the Roman, or Iron Empire was to be subdivided) "the God of Heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom thereof shall not be left to other people; but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."

Aye, fellow-citizens, this Republic, the United States of America, is that very political power on this earth, which the God of Heaven was to set up, and did set up, in this New World, which shall never be destroyed, and the kingdom thereof shall not be left to other people. In other words, the people shall govern themselves. The very form of its government is thus drawn in one single line—REPUBLICAN SELF-GOVERNMENT—a government of the people, by the people and for the people. "But it shall break in pieces and consume" all other forms of government upon earth. Just as fast as the other nations of the earth have and shall become educated by the light of our example, they have become, and will become Republicanized—in one word, Americanized.

Fellow-citizens, today we have every reason to rejoice and be of good cheer. When you hear of wars, and rumors of wars among the nations, let not your hearts be troubled. Though all Europe is in arms, and their people are taxed all they can bear to support armies and navies, they all declare their true interest and their policy is peace. At the instance of this Republic, England, the most powerful, has already twice, aye, thrice, in my day, joined with us to settle great international disputes by arbitration, and not by arms. The force of this great example must and will lead other civilized nations to adopt this wiser and better way, and hasten on the glorious time when all wars shall cease among civilized nations; when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks. And although, lately, in and out of congress, we hear of Coxey's armies, commercial panics, industrial wars, tariff wars and railroad strikes in our own country, fear not! However troublesome, painful, oppressive and vexatious they may be for the time, they cannot be of long duration; because the enlightened judgment—the strong, good common sense of the American people, which is just as much opposed to all injustice, monopoly and oppression as it is to all lawless anarchy, is sure, when fairly appealed to, and earnestly called into action, to prevail over all obstacles, and to solve all questions; for the voice of a free and enlightened people is the voice of God in human affairs. Be not alarmed; our constitutions, State and Federal, provide the way in which that voice may be peacefully and without bloodshed or revolution, constitutionally expressed, and made effective.

Again, I say, be of good cheer! Let not your hearts be troubled! All these old questions, of revenue and taxation; all these new questions between capital and labor; and all these questions between corporations and their employees will, and must, ultimately be solved and settled on principles of eternal justice and equity; settled in the true interest and for the benefit of all. If peaceful arbitration can settle great disputes between England and the United States, the law can certainly provide a way to settle all disputes between railroad and manufacturing corporations and their employes to prevent anarchy and bloodshed. Once more I say, be of good cheer, for, if the Bible be true, God the Almighty set up this Republic in this New World, which was reserved in the fullness of time for that very purpose; and, by the mouth of His prophet, He has declared: "It shall never be destroyed," "It shall stand forever."

Fellow-citizens, it is to celebrate the birthday of God's Republic that we have come here today. Let us do so with all our hearts; with music and cannon; with song, oration and prayer; with every demonstration of joy, to show our devout thanks to Almighty God, and our love for the equal rights of man.

I will now call upon Mr. Wallace Ingalls to read the immortal Declaration of Independence. Let there be perfect silence while he reads this new gospel of Man's Political Redemption.

THE IRISH DRUMMER BOY.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

Thrice up against their battery
We rushed to the attack,
And thrice with fearful slaughter
Our lines were driven back;
Once more our colonel marshaled us,
And on we pushed again;
But torn and shattered, back recoiled,
With scarcely half our men.

A cry of terror thrilled the ranks,
And wavered the brigade;
Before their battering guns we stood
Pale, panting, and dismayed.
The last man of the color-guard
His death-shot there had found,
And close beside his battle-flag
Lay torn upon the ground.

Fast flashed the red artillery
Our bleeding columns through,
And thick and fast to earth they fell,
Our gallant men in blue.
A shuddering thrill, an icy chill,
Through every bosom runs,
As faster fell the shot and shell
[illegible] Confederate guns.

[illegible] Irish drummer boy
(Too young for such a scene)
Stepped proudly to the foremost ranks,
Dressed in his jacket green,
And snatched from earth the tattered flag
That lay all gory there,
Regardless of the hissing shell
That hurtled through the air.

Proudly before the foeman's guns
He waved the flag on high,
His face lit up, his fearless soul
Shone in his flashing eye,
The light of heaven and martyrdom
Beamed in his glowing face,
As if at once were centered there
The fire of all his race.

"Shame on you boys! will you desert
The old flag to the foe?
Come on! who shrinks before his guns,
Or fears his rebel blow?
Charge for our flag again,"
With fearless voice he said,
A moment more—and in his gore
The drummer-boy lay dead.

We heard him shout, we saw him fall,
The green flag in his hand,
We gazed upon his boyish face,
So fearless, proud and grand,
And from our ranks there burst a yell
For blood, revenge, or death,
As if the infernal fiend of hell
Had leaped upon the earth.

Up! gainst that blazing battery,
With fiercely flashing blade,
In frantic fury fiercely sprung
Each man of the brigade.
No human force, no human power,
Could turn that shock aside;
Deep, deep in blood our blades avenged
That little boy who died.

Wrapped in his flag we buried him,
And o'er his lonely grave
With saddened hearts our whole brigade
A farewell volley gave;
The braver ne'er on field or plain,
From Foyle to Fontenoy,
Died for the free, more grand than he—
That Irish drummer-boy.

Fair and Beautiful Lands Across the Sea

Give promise to the ocean voyager of health and pleasure, but there is a broad expanse of waters to be passed that rise mountain high in rough weather and grievously disturb the unaccustomed stomach, more particularly if it is that of an invalid. Moreover, the vibration of the vessel's hull caused by the motion of the screw of a steamer, a change of water and latitude, and abrupt transitions of temperature, cannot, without a medicinal safeguard, be encountered with impunity. For sea sickness, and prejudicial influences of air and water, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a standard safeguard. Tourists, yachtsmen, mariners, commercial travelers and people bound on a sea voyage or inland jaunt, should always be provided with it. Incomparable for malaria, rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, sick headache, biliousness and constipation.

A HERO HONORED.

Ireland Pays Noble Tribute to the Memory of Theobald Wolfe Tone, In Bodenstown Churchyard, on the Anniversary of His Birth.

A Splendid National Demonstration—Masterly Discourse on Tone's Career by Mr. George Lynch.

[*Irish Daily Independent, June 30.*]

The quiet burial ground at Bodenstown, within the boundaries of which the grave of Theobald Wolfe Tone is situated, was thronged yesterday by multitudes of Irishmen and Irishwomen who availed of the opportunity provided by the Young Ireland League to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one whose fearless patriotism brought him to an early tomb. The founder of the United Irishmen loved his native land with a pure and unselfish love, and he could not view with patience the acts of oppression to which people in Ireland were subjected during the period of his early manhood. His spirit revolted, and as a consequence he devoted all his energies to the prosecution of a movement directed against the oppressors of his country, and endeavored to bring about the freedom for which he longed. The projects which are associated with his name, and in which he was undoubtedly the leading and most active spirit, were bold in their conception, but fate was against the gallant Irishman, and he died after many severe struggles, but without witnessing the realization of his earnest hopes.

Succeeding generations of his countrymen have been fired with enthusiasm by the recollection of courage such as his, exercised in a noble cause and coming down to the present time it was easy to perceive that those who stood around the silent grave this afternoon were only prevented by the solemnity of the occasion from giving vent to feelings which must have been uppermost in many minds. The sombre aspect of the place would probably under ordinary circumstances [illegible] tinge of mournfulness to the thoughts of the casual visitor, but feelings of a somewhat different character may sometimes be experienced even when standing amid tombstones that mark the abodes of death. This fact might have forced itself on the observant spectator of yesterday's proceedings who might have noticed that, while the predominant characteristic of the great crowd that took part in the pilgrimage, was made apparent by the display of deep reverence for the memory of a departed hero, there was likewise abundant evidence that the contemplation of his heroic life begot feelings of admiration which, though not at the time proclaimed, were none the less ardent. As column after column passed slowly to the sacred spot, and having reached the immediate vicinity of the grave lingered momentarily before giving place to those who followed, the scene was one well calculated to impress itself on the memory. Portions of a broken slab indicate the ground which covers Tone's earthly habitation. The missing parts of the stone have been taken away by souvenir seekers who visited the grave from time to time, but the remainder is now jealously guarded, and astrong iron railing was erected by the Nationalists of Naas, who wished to preserve the grave from indiscriminate interference.

Despite its plainness and the absence of any imposing monument the care of willing hands prevents the appearance of any sign of neglect, and as it comes under the eye of visitors at present it probably appeals as strongly to their sympathetic attention as if a proud moment stood there, the intricate workmanship of which might succeed in winning complimentary notice of the artist. Many floral tributes were laid over the last resting place of the gallant patriot, while sympathetic inscriptions attached to the various wreaths breathed the spirit which prompted the senders of the handsome offerings. An air of perfect decorum permeated the action of the thousands who contributed by their presence to the complete success of the demonstration, and those who took an active part in organizing the pilgrimage had every reason to feel gratified at the manner in which it was conducted. Arrangements on an elaborate scale were made to bring people to Naas, which was fixed upon as the meeting point. Three special trains left Dublin at short intervals, commencing about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and they brought immense crowds of people from the metropolis, the numbers being increased at some intermediate stations. Quite an army of railway porters worked manfully at Kingsbridge, and their powers were severely taxed by the almost overwhelming crush, but they performed their task with success, and the packed trains on each occasion left the platform without unnecessary delay. At one of the railway stations pictures were displayed of Wolfe Tone, Emmet, Parnell, and other illustrious Irishmen. Shortly after 3 o'clock the last special deposited its freight on the Naas platform, and by that time contingents had arrived from the Carlow and Kilkenny direction, so that immense crowds filled the town, and the music supplied by numerous bands imparted spirit to the gathering.

A great procession was formed, and a move made toward the Sallins' road. Thousands of men marched in ranks four deep, while a long line of cars brought up the rere. The progress made was necessarily slow, but the column was preserved in excellent order until Bodenstown was reached. On entering the burial ground the procession passed round Tone's grave, and afterwards assembled some distance off to hear the address which was prepared for the occasion by Mr. George Lynch, a member of the Young Ireland League. Deputations also attended from other portions of Kildare, and also from various parts of Carlow and Kilkenny counties.

On the motion of Mr. E. R. Whelan, seconded by Mr. Peter White, the chair was taken by Mr. John T. Heffernan, Kildare.

The chairman, who was received with cheers, said they had assembled on that day to do honor to one of Ireland's greatest sons (cheers). Too much honor could not be given to the members of the Young Ireland Society who had organized that great gathering, and too much thought could not be given to the events of the last century, in which Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and others took part (cheers). There was nothing so well calculated to put heart and spirit into the young men of Ireland as the memory of the deeds of these illustrious men. He begged to introduce Mr. Lynch, who would address them on the life and struggles of Wolfe Tone (cheers).

Mr. George Lynch then came forward and delivered an eloquent address. Having dealt with the early life of Tone and spoken of his first connection with politics, the speaker proceeded: In 1791 Tone became connected with a body of representative Catholics organized to obtain justice for themselves and their co-religionists. The Catholic question was at this period beginning to attract public notice, and Tone had written a pamphlet addressed to the Dissenters, the object of which was "to convince them that they and the Catholics had but one common interest, and one common enemy; that the depression and slavery of Ireland were produced and perpetuated by the divisions existing between them, and that consequently, to assert the independence of their country and their own individual liberties, it was necessary to forget all former feuds, to consolidate the entire strength of the whole nation, and to form for the future but one people." The pamphlet which appeared under the signature of a 'Northern Whig,' was circulated very extensively, and the volunteers of Belfast elected him an honorary member of their corps. He was also invited to Belfast to assist in forming the first club of United Irishmen, which was formed in [illegible] and for which he wrote the declaration.

On his return to Dublin he set about forming a similar club there, of which the famous Napper Tandy was the first secretary; and from the formation of those clubs commenced a new epoch in the politics of Ireland. The system of outrage and injustice which was used towards the Catholics, unabating in its severity, continued to offend all men of enlightened principles, and at the same time the electric influence of the American War of Independence and the French Revolution was operating in every heart and evoking there the aspiration for Irish freedom and inspiring a belief in its possible attainment (cheers). The speaker then dealt with the gradual change which took place in the character of the United Irish Society, and spoke of its rapid spread through the country, and of the arrival of an emissary from the French government, in the person of the Rev. Mr. Jackson, an Irish Protestant clergyman, who had resided for some years in France. This emissary, while being perfectly sincere, displayed a want of discretion, and his movements were betrayed by a spy named Cockayne. Jackson was eventually arrested on a charge of high treason. He was brought to trial, and found guilty, but was not sentenced, for on the day sentence was to be pronounced he contrived before entering the court to swallow some poison, and expired in the dock, and so cheated the gallows of another victim. Tone, after this event, left Ireland for America, and arrived in Philadelphia on Aug. 8, 1795. He received during the remaining months of this year many letters from his colleagues at home urging him to proceed to France and impress upon the government there the policy of at once sending an expedition to insure the success of the Irish revolutionary movement, which was coming to a head. Full of this purpose, he sailed from New York on Jan. 1, 1796, and arrived at Havre on Feb. 1, and succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Minister of War. The Minister was struck with his project, and sent him to Gen. Clarke, whose family was connected with Ireland, but Clarke entertained such strange notions about the country from which his father had emigrated, and showed himself so utterly unacquainted with the state of affairs there, that Tone soon perceived that little could be effected with Clarke, and so he went to the celebrated Carnot, President of the Directory, and succeeded in obtaining 8,000 men, with 50,000 stand of arms.

The force was increased at the instance of Gen. Hoche to 15,000 men, with a large park of artillery and arms, sufficient to supply the patriotic people who would flock to their standard in Ireland cheers). This expedition sailed from Brest on Dec. 16, 1796, but the fleet was dispersed by a storm, and Hoche was blown out of his course with seven ships of the line. Ten sail, however, with 6,000 troops reached the Irish coast, and Tone vehemently urged that a landing should be effected (cheers), but Grouchy, a weak and irresolute man, was afraid to do so without Hoche. Tone continued to entreat, and Grouchy plucked up courage, and the vessels made for the mouth of the Shannon. But the elements again interfered, with the result that the little fleet was again broken up and the signal given to steer for France, and so ended the Bantry Bay expedition, and, like the great Spanish Armada, the elements fought England's battle, and with like success. The failure of the Bantry Bay expedition was a terrible blow to Tone, but, like the great man that he was, he did not give way to despair, but set to work to induce the French government to send another expedition (cheers). Backed up by the great influence of Hoche, Tone prevailed again, so that the Dutch government, then in alliance with France, prepared an expedition under their famous admiral De Winter. In the month of July, 1797, an expedition was assembled in the Texel for the invasion of Ireland, nearly as formidable as that which left Brest for Bantry Bay less than six months before. Tone was on board the admiral's ship as hopeful as ever. The vessels were ready for sea, the troops were on board, and nothing wanted but a favorable wind; but the wind strove against them, and for five weeks continued to blow in an adverse direction.

The supplies began to get low, the patience of the officers and government became exhausted, with the result that the troops were disembarked and the project abandoned; and twice within nine months was England saved by the wind. Meantime the condition of affairs in Ireland was growing more critical. On May 23 the Irish Rebellion broke out, and was unfortunately extinguished in oceans of blood. At the news of the occurrence Tone besought the French generals and government to despatch some assistance to his struggling countrymen, and pressed on them the necessity of availing themselves of the favorable opportunity which flew so rapidly by. The government did its best, but while the preparations were being made the insurrection in Ireland was being crushed out. The plan of the new expedition was to send small detachments from various ports so as to keep up the insurrection and distract the attention of the English until an opportunity should arise for landing the main body of the army under Gen. Kilmaine. In this condition of affairs a gallant, but rash and indiscreet, French officer, Gen. Humbert, fired by the recitals of the Irish refugees, resolved that he would commit the French government to action by starting at once with a small force for the coast of Ireland. He apparently, without waiting for orders, set sail from Rochelle with 1,000 men, 1,000 spare muskets, and a few pieces of artillery, for the most desperate attempt which is, perhaps, recorded in history.

Three Irishmen were on board the fleet—Matthew Tone, brother of Wolfe Tone; Bartholomew Teeling, and Sullivan, an officer in the French service, who was enthusiastically devoted to the Irish cause. Humbert landed at Killala, routed with his little handful of men a large force of [illegible] his ground until Gen. [illegible] with 6,000 men, marched against him, and he was forced to yield. He and his men were exchanged as prisoners of war, but the Irish who joined his standard were shown no mercy. Teeling and Matthew Tone were brought in irons to Dublin and executed. On Sept. 20, 1798, another expedition, consisting of one sail of the line and eight frigates, under Admiral Bompart and Gen. Hardy, was despatched. Tone was on board the admiral's vessel, which was named the Hoche. The expedition arrived, after twenty days, off Lough Swilly, where they encountered a strong English fleet. After a desperate encounter the vessel on which Tone sailed was surrounded and captured. Tone might have passed as a French officer, and so escaped, were it not for the treachery of a leader of the Orange party in Derry, named Sir George Hill, who betrayed him into the hands of the English (groans). He was then seized and hurried off to Dublin in fetters, and preparations were made to try him summarily before a court-martial. This was absolutely an illegal proceeding, but his enemies were thirsting for his blood, and his trial, if such a mockery might be called a trial, took place in one of the Dublin barracks on Saturday, Nov. 10, 1798. Tone appeared before the court in the uniform of a colonel in the French army. His speech in reply to the question whether he was "guilty or not guilty," was a noble one, and he asked that the court should adjudge him the death of a soldier (cheers). This demand was refused him, and he was sentenced to die the death of a traitor in forty-eight hours. On the morning fixed for his execution, John Philpot Curran made a motion in the court of King's Bench for a writ of habeas corpus to transfer the prisoner to the charge of the civil power. The application was granted, but it turned out that Tone was dangerously wounded and was not in a condition to be removed. No one was allowed to approach him, but as he lay there the consciousness of dying for his country illumined like a bright halo his latest moments and kept up his fortitude to the end. He died on the morning of Nov. 19, 1798, at the age of 35 years, one of those whose memory will be ever held green as the ideal for those who believe that

The very subtlest eloquence
That injured man can show,
Is the pathos of a pikehead
And the logic of a blow.

(Loud cheers).

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and ever case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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WHITE CITY IN RUINS.

THE GREAT FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM ESCAPES,

But Nothing Remains of the Manufactures, Administration, Electricity, Mines and Mining, Agriculture and Machinery Buildings but Blackened and Twisted Arches of Iron—Government Buildings Saved by Heroic Efforts.

CHICAGO, July 7.—Blackened and twisted arches of iron, with their girders sagging under the weight of torn sheets of roofing, rear their skeleton forms where the buildings of the beautiful White City once stood. Beneath them lie huge mounds of smoldering ruins frosted with a waste of snowy ashes. Tangles of wire, the misshapen hulks of fallen statuary and long rows of blistered columns mark the outlines of avenues and drives. The parapets, the bridges, and the wide sweep of staircasing which flanked the buildings have been licked up by the fire to the water's edge. Every other attack of the elements—fire, wind or water—was as nothing before this all-devouring tornado of flame which swept from end to end and laid low every important building left standing by the wrecker.

The Buildings Wrecked.

Beginning with the huge weather-beaten remains of the Terminal station at the grounds the fire spread rapidly northward and in the course of its progress completely destroyed the following structures: Terminal building, Administration building, Mines and Mining, Electricity, Manufactures, Machinery, Agriculture, Stock pavilion, Philadelphia cafe.

The Columbian museum was spared, together with the Horticultural, Woman's and United States Government building. The firemen made no attempt to save the buildings after they were once ablaze, but devoted every effort to prevent the fire from spreading. The Transportation and Government buildings were saved only by the most persistent efforts of the firemen. At one time it looked as if all the buildings at the north end of the grounds would be swept away, but a change of the wind from the southwest to the northwest prevented the flames from advancing.

One Person Killed.

David Anderson, Forty-seventh street and Evans avenue, was killed, and E. J. Bassett, 6410 Starr avenue, severely injured by the caving of an electrical subway just south of the Electricity building. They are employed as bookkeepers by Marshall Field & Co., and were present as spectators. As they were walking past the Electricity building going toward the Administration building, when the fire had nearly burnt itself out, the earth beneath them gave way and they fell into the subway. Anderson was completely buried beneath the sand and planks, and Bassett only saved himself from death by clinging to the side of the subway. H. H. Palachek, of 1501 Schiller building, came to Bassett's assistance and threw him a wire. He clung to this and was finally pulled from his dangerous position. He was painfully burned about the hands and head, but was not otherwise injured. Anderson's body was not recovered for some time.

TREASURY SHIPMENTS STOPPED.

Express Companies Not Liable for Losses Caused by Riots.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—The treasury officials have been compelled to stop all shipments of cash to points west of the Ohio river in consequence of the strikes. Under their contracts with the government the express companies are not liable for losses incurred in consequence of riots or other unlawful acts of that character. And acting under a privilege granted them in their contracts the several express companies have notified the officials that they will not accept cash for shipment to points west of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana.

This situation is unfortunate, particularly at this time, as pensions are now being paid in Chicago and money is needed there for that purpose. The sub-treasury at Chicago, however, has a considerably quantity of funds on hand and it is expected that it will be able to make satisfactory arrangements with the banks for any amount needed until the pending troubles are over.

The express companies have been notified to return all shipments of cash now in transit to the nearest sub-treasury at government expense.

ALTGELD STICKS TO IT.

He Contends That the President Has Invaded His Rights.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—Governor Altgeld has sent another long telegram to President Cleveland continuing his contention that the ordering of troops to Chicago was an invasion of the right of local self-government. He argues that the dispatch of regulars to Chicago was an act of military despotism and a distortion of the law; that it was not an act permissible by the limitations on the executive in the government, and generally that such acts are likely to lead to a military dictatorship. He closes with another protest against the presence of the troops at Chicago.

President Cleveland's reply is brief. He does not argue the case, and says that it is no time for discussion, but for active effort on the part of the authoritives to rest ere obedience to law.

TARIFF BILL PASSED.

The Senate Adopts the Measure by a Vote of 39 to 34.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—In the midst of intense excitement at 10:41 at night, after having been debated for three months and one day, the tariff bill, amended to take effect Aug. 1, 1894, passed the senate by a vote of 39 to 34—a strict party vote except Hill, who voted with the Republicans against the measure. The Populists divided their strength, two, Kyle and Allen, voting in favor of the bill, and two, Peffer and Stewart, against it. At the very opening of the last day of the great struggle Harris, the veteran parliamentarian in charge of the bill, announced that it would pass the 3d of July, or there would be no Fourth of July for the senate of the United States. Until evening there were no sensational incidents.

Won the Realization Stakes.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, N. Y., July 9.—Dobbins won the Realization stakes by two lengths, Hornpipe second by a head, Rey El Santa Anita third; time, 2:55.

Congressman Lisle Dead.

WINCHESTER, Ky., July 9.—Hon. Marcus C. Lisle, congressman from the Tenth district, is dead.

PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

All Persons Warned Against Lawlessness and Unlawful Assemblage.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—President Cleveland has issued the following proclamation to the people of Illinois:

"Whereas, By reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations and assemblages of persons it has become impracticable in the judgment of the president to enforce by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings the laws of the United States within the state of Illinois and especially in the city of Chicago within said state; and,

"Whereas, That for the purpose of enforcing the faithful execution of the laws of the United States and protecting its property and removing obstructions to the United States mail in the state and city aforesaid, the president has employed a part of the military forces of the United States;

"Now, therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, president of the United States, do hereby admonish all good citizens, and all persons who may be or may come within the city and state aforesaid, against aiding, countenancing or taking any part in such unlawful obstructions, combinations and assemblages; and hereby warn all persons engaged in or in any way connected with such unlawful obstructions, combinations and assemblages to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes on or before 12 o'clock noon, on the ninth day of July instant.

"Those who disregard this warning and persist in taking part with a riotous mob in forcibly resisting and obstructing the execution of the laws of the United States, or interfering with the functions of the government, or destroying and attempting to destroy the property belonging to the United States or under its protection cannot be regarded otherwise than as public enemies.

"Troops employed against such a riotous mob will act with all moderation and forbearance consistent with the accomplishment of the desired end, but the necessities that confront them will not with certainty permit discrimination between guilty participants and those who are mingled with them from curiosity and without criminal intent. The only safe course, therefore, for those not actually unlawfully participating is to abide at their homes or at least not to be found in the neighborhood of riotous assemblages.

"While there will be no hesitation or vacillation in the decisive treatment of the guilty, this warning is especially intended to protect and save the innocent.

"In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and cause the seal of the United States to be hereto affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington this eighth day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and eighteenth.

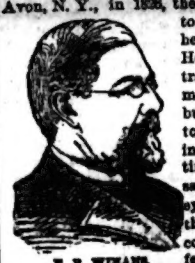
[Signed.] "GROVER CLEVELAND.

"By the president,
"W. Q. GRESHAM, Secretary of State."

HEART DISEASE KILLED HIM.

Death of E. B. Winans, Ex-Governor of the State of Michigan.

PINCKNEY, Mich., July 6.—Ex-Governor Edwin Winans died of heart disease at his residence near Hamburg, Livingston county. Governor Winans was born at Avon, N. Y., in 1826, the family moving to Michigan while he was yet a child. He learned the trade of a clothmaker at Hamburg, but managed to do some studying in his spare time and finally saved enough money to take him through Albion college. The gold fever of 1849 found him pursuing his studies there. He became one of a party of young Michigan men who made the journey on foot. Soon tiring of mining he started a bank on a small scale and prospered.



E. B. WINANS.

After a short time he got homesick and came back to Michigan. He returned to California and by attention to business acquired a comfortable fortune, and again came to Hamburg in 1856 and started farming. The same year he was elected to the legislature. Later on he became probate judge and was subsequently elected to congress, where he served two terms. For several years he had devoted himself entirely to farming, but had kept an active eye on the political field. He was the first simon pure Democratic governor the state has had for more than thirty years.

TARIFF IN THE HOUSE.

It Is Reported Back by the Committee on Ways and Means.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—The tariff bill in gross was ordered reported back to the house by the ways and means committee with recommendation of nonconcurrence in the senate amendments and for the appointment of conferees. When Wilson reported the bill to the house immediately on the convening of that body Speaker Crisp ruled it referred to committee of the whole. Republicans, led by Reed, protested against haste and application of the gag rule, but without effect. Speaker Crisp has named as conferees on the part of the house, Representatives Wilson of West Virginia, McMillin of Tennessee, Turner of Georgia, Montgomery of Kentucky, Democrats, and Reed of Maine, Burrows of Michigan and Payne of New York, Republicans.

Tariff Bill in the House.

WASHINGON, July 6.—The tariff bill has been taken from the speaker's table and referred to the committee on ways and means, which will meet promptly and report back a recommendation for a disagreement. The bill will be put in conference and work promptly begun adjusting the senate amendments.

Gladstone To Be Invited Over.

NEW YORK, July 5.—An invitation to visit the United States will be sent to Gladstone by the steamer Majestic on her next trip to London, signed by prominent politicians and prominent gentlemen from nearly every state in the Union.

Respected a Citizen a Forger.

MOOREHEAD, Minn., July 10.—D. Titus, a respected citizen, is a forger to the amount of $25,000. He was justice of the pece, secretery of the schoold board and vice president of the First National bank.

Convicts in Revolt.

BOSTON, July 10.—The convicts in the house of correction refused to go to work and resisted the officers, who drew their revolvers. One man was shot which quickly quelled the revolt.

MINERS GO IN MOBS.

Collision With the Troops at Westville, Ills,

THREE DEATHS ARE THE RESULT.

All Being People Who Were Attending Strictly to Their Own Business.

One an Old Woman and One a Young Girl—Another Mob Loots a Store at Ladd and the People of the Region Stay Up All Night—Row at Scottdale, Pa., Between Working Negroes and Striking Huns Becomes a Riot in Which Citizens Are Involved.

DANVILLE, Ills., July 10.—The Shelbyville train, due in this city at 10:30, arrived at Westville, a station six miles south of this city and two miles from Grape Creek. Near Westville are the Kellyville and Pawnee mines, all of whom are shut down in sympathy with the railroad strike and lack of transportation facilities. When the train drew up at the station it was immediately surrounded by a large crowd of miners. Upon the situation being made known, the superintendent made up a train, a company of militia stationed at Danville Junction were loaded on, and the train proceede topthe scene.

About one mile from Westville a large crowd of miners had collected, and upon the approach of the train bearing the militia began warlike demonstrations. Several pistol shots were fired at the soldiers, who returned the fire by shooting over the heads of the mob from the train, intending to scare them. Miss Clara James, the 17-year-old daughter of Jonas James, was standing in the doorway of her home. A random bullet struck her just below her right breast, and she died almost instantly. Mrs. Michael Glennan, a widow, was crossing her garden. Two bullets struck her and she died in five minutes.

An unknown man received a mortal body wound and will die. Resistance developing, the militia left the train and charged the crowd, securing three prisoners. The crowd dispersing, and no further resistance being offered, the troops returned to their train, which had been coupled in front of the passenger, and the trip to Danville was made without incident.

More Store Looting at Ladd.

LADD, Ills., July 10.—Two stores were looted at this place yesterday afternoon by a mob of 400 non-English speaking miners. The city is now guarded by fifty deputy sheriffs, farmers and miners. The national banks have removed their valuables from the city, and many of the business houses have closed temporarily. Reports from the surrounding districts are to the effect that the anarchists of Peru, LaSalle, and other towns are moving toward Spring Valley for an attack on the place. The town is now guarded by the Rock Island and Galesburg militia companies, 112 men, and by 125 deputies. One hundred extra deputies from Princeton have been ordered to Spring Valley. Half the population of Bureau county remained up last night in the various towns receiving the latest reports from the seat of trouble.

BREAKS OUT AT SCOTTDALE.

The Mob Spirit Proves Catching and Doesn't Draw the Color Line.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., July 10.—Scottdale is the scene of the wildest excitement. A regular pitched battle was fought between the negro coke workers and the town authorities and one negro is fatally shot and will die. Previously three negroes came into town from the Painter coke plant. The strikers, on getting sight of them, set up a howl and ran the men almost to their homes, throwing stones and making every kind of threats. When the negroes reached home they raised an excitement among the neighbors at the plant and forty of them started for the strikers.

Six Huns were found near the plant and were badly beaten, and a rush was then made for Scottdale, the maddened negroes entering town, each armed with clubs and revolvers. A fight was soon raised between the negroes and the police authorities. The colored men became frantic and in a few seconds resolved themselves into a mob and commenced shooting. The officers called upon the citizens for help, and a rush was made for them, when they all took to their heels and ran out of town. They were followed by 300 or 400 citizens who gave them close pursuit.

Word has been received from the plant that the negroes are arming themselves with Winchester rifles and will return to town to rescue their comrade taken in charge by the police. The citizens are in a fever of excitement. The Sons of Veterans' headquarters has been looted of its guns and every firearm to be found has been brought into requisition. The iron workers in the mills are in sympathy with the strikers and are in high rage, and swear vengeance against the negroes if they return.

Another Strike of Miners Coming.

PANA, Ills., July 10.—A local labor leader confirms a report that the United Mine Workers have set the 16th of next September as the date for a renewal of the miners' strike. He added that a great many miners had been taken into the Knights of Labor since the recent strike, and that if Mr. Sovereign called out all Knights of Labor in sympathy with the Railway Union his order would practically cause another general strike of miners before the date set for it.

A Mayor's Way Out of the Row.

MINNEAPOLIS, July 10.—Mayor Eustis telegraphed in reply to Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, that he would gladly join him in a request to Debs "in the name of God, country and humanity to call off this unjust strike and boycott, and give our men, women and children work and bread." This done he would join in strongest possible efforts to secure the arbitration of the differences between Pullman and his employes.

The War in the Coeur d'Alene.

BOISE, Ida., July 10.—Preparations are making for active hostilities in Coeur d'Alene. Miners are notifying all unfriendly to them to leave at once on penalty of death. Governor McConnell has ordered the state militia to get ready to move at once. Five companies will proceed to Sheshone county as soon as transportation can be arranged. They will be aided by federal troops.

Ore Handlers Strike.

ASHTABULA HARBOR, O., July 10.—Over 800 ore handlers employed by M. A. Hanna & Co. have struck because of the discharge of two gang bosses. It is probable that the ore handlers employed by other companies will go out through sympathy.

FIRED ON THE MOB.

Another Disturbance at Forty-Ninth Street in Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 9.—Early in the morning a crowd of boys and men at Forty-ninth street and the Grand Trunk tracks threw stones at a squad of state troops stationed there. The latter charged on them and drove them off. Later they returned and renewed the stone throwing. Then the soldiers fired a volley into the crowd. The mob escaped into adjoining houses, and it is not learned whether any were wounded.

Mayor Hopkins has called on the governor for another regiment of state troops.

The feeling is growing that there will be no more serious rioting here. Railroads are all moving passenger trains and a number are starting freights. It is quite clear that the mobs of Sunday were composed chiefly of idle ruffians from the packing houses and that very few railway men took part. President Cleveland's proclamation and the order of Debs to his followers to avoid all lawlessness seem to have been effectual.

Captain O'Neill of the stock yards police station has assurances that deputy United States marshals have been setting fire to box cars in the stock yards district. He further declares that he has received absolutely no assistance from the force of United States marshals stationed in that neighborhood.

In response to a notice from the Illinois Central that they would be discharged unless they returned to work immediately, enough freight handlers returned to enable that road to resume freight business. About one-third of the firemen on strike returned and passenger service has been resumed.

The Fort Wayne and Lake Shore officials are trying to replace the strikers with negroes. On their appearance they are jeered.

Packers had a consultation with the officials to secure sufficient protection to enable them to move stock trains. The yards are quiet, but the officials fear the trouble is not yet ended there. Railroad officials report all quiet at Hammond. A train came through there without molestation. Wabash trains had to come in over the Fort Wayne tracks, owing to the fact that strikers had burned a bridge on the Wabash line at Clark station.

As a result of the battle between Company F, I. N. G., and a wild, infuriated mob of foreigners at the corner of Loomis and Forty-ninth street Saturday afternoon the following people were killed: John Burke, known as "Engine" Burke, 26 years old, lived at the corner of Forty-seventh and Cook streets, shot through the body by a Springfield rifle ball, died at the county hospital; Thomas Jackman, lived at 5301 Laflin street shot through the pelvis by a Springfield rifle ball, died at the Englewood hospital. About twenty others were wounded, some fatally. At Sixteenth street police were clearing the tracks of a mob by firing their revolvers into the air. A young lady who was on the flat roof of her home received a bullet in her heart and expired instantly. Sunday was a day of comparative quiet in Chicago.

BLOODSHED AT HAMMOND.

Troops Fire on a Mob That Tried to Ditch Some Pullmans.

HAMMOND, Ind., July 9.—A detachment of company D, Fifteenth regiment, arrived here over the Monon. The troops marched to the platform in front of the Erie hotel. The crowds were increasing and for a time it looked as if the regulars were going to be mobbed. Mayor Reilly ordered the troops away, and Major Harts gave orders to move to the water tank, where the men remained until 4 o'clock. Then, mounting the locomotive, Major Harts told the engineer to run through the city. Several trips from the state line to the southern limits were made. While the regulars were at a terminus a gang of strikers attacked the Pullman sleepers, and were about to ditch them when the troop train came up at a forty-mile rate.

As the train neared the crowds Major Harts gave orders to fire. Two rounds from twenty-five pieces were poured into the mob. The dead and some of the injured are: Charles Fleisher, carpenter, resident of Hammond, shot through the abdomen, death instantaneous; William Campbell, laborer, shot through the thighs; Victor Vaceter, laborer, shot through the knee, doctors say he will die. In the rush that followed scores of women and little children were trampled under foot and half a dozen women fainted on the tracks. The soldiers then abandoned their engines and took up a position on the track at the Russell street crossing.

Kelly and His Commonwealers.

VANCEBURG, Ky., July 9.—Kelly and his army of commonwealers are stranded at Moore's Landing, where they were left by the captain of the towboat Connelly. They refused to give up possession of the barges and the captain went to Cincinnati to secure the assistance of United States marshals. The army is in a destitute condition, and have no food. They are foraging off the farmers and causing great uneasiness among them.

Three Young Ladies Killed.

OLATHE, Kan., July 9.—Three young ladies named Misses Bessie and Lena Breyfogle, daughters of ex-Senator Breyfogle, and Miss Carroll, who reside about a mile northeast of Lenexa, met with a sad death. They were in a buggy driving to Lenexa and while crossing the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis track, near their home, were struck by a fast northbound passenger train and all three were instantly killed.

Three People Drowned.

NEW YORK, July 7.—The sloop yacht Gazelle, Captain Joseph Parsall, with a party of eight New York business men, was wrecked in the dangerous waters of Hog Island inlet and three people were drowned. Their names are: John Maurer, 32 years old, photographer, 695 Ninth avenue; Charles Maurer, 18 years old, architect, brother of John Maurer; John Smith, salesman, exact address unknown, lived somewhere in Harlem.

Engineer and Fireman Killed.

OTTUMWA, Ia., July 6.—The Fort Madison passenger train going east struck an obstruction on the track, ditching the engine and killing instantly Engineer Chris Ernest and Fireman Ed Alton. No reason is known why the obstruction was placed on the track unless it is bad feeling growing out of the strike.

Postponed the Convention.

DES MOINES, July 9.—At a conference it was decided to postpone the Republican state convention from July 11 to July 25 and may be later. Action to be taken at a subsequent conference. This is on account of the railroad strike.

PRAIRIE STATE NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

Telegraphic Reports of Some of the Events Which Have Taken Place in Our Own State and Compiled for Our Own Readers—Illinois News of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, July 4.—A conference of the industrial organizations of Illinois and the State Federation of Labor called to meet here for the purpose of discussing the advisability of forming a new political party resulted in about sixty-five delegates assembling in the senate chamber. M. H. Madden, state president of the Federation of Labor, presided, and stated that owing to over 100 delegates being "tied up" at various points in the state by the railroad strike, an adjournment would be taken to today. Single tax club, Federated Trades, Knights of Labor, American Rilway Union and Socialists are represented by delegates.

Prominent delegates stated that the leaders of federated trade assemblies are endeavoring to bring about a combination of the various trades organizations, the Farmer's Alliances, Knights of Labor and Socialists and Populists, forming one party, but that the majority of the delegates will go to the convention with the determination of capturing the same and endorsing the People's party and platform. There are 43,000 of the Federation of Labor and 100,000 of the others combined, which would bring into the People's party 143,000 votes this fall.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 6.—After three days' debating the industrial conference has adjourned sine die. The entire conference was simply a battle of words between the socialistic element, led by "Tommy" Morgan, of Chicago, on one side, and the rest of the convention on the other. About eighty delegates from Chicago alone vainly endeavored to knock out the Populist members. The Populist members were successful and are happy over the fact that their name was adopted by the convention.

Their platform was adopted and their principles endorsed as a whole. A state central committee was named to act in conjunction with the Populists ticket, and who were instructed to call for a national convention to be held in Chicago in November next. Neebe and Schwab tried to speak, but were howled down. The Chicago Times was endorsed as the Populist paper. The convention favored the coinage of silver at a 16-to-1 ratio and the rest of the Populist programme.

ILLINOIS EXPOSITION BUILDING.

Springfield Lays Its Cornerstone as a Celebration of the Fourth.

SPRINGFIELD, July 5.—The cornerstone of the beautiful $100,000 exposition building at the Illinois State Fair grounds was laid with most imposing ceremonies. L. A. Goddard, grandmaster of the Illinois Masons, conducted the ceremonies under the auspices of the Masonic order, assisted by the full staff of grand officers, and the staffs of the grand officers of the Knights Templars and Odd Fellows of Illinois. Rt. Rev. George Seymour offered the prayer. Governor Altgeld made the address of welcome and was followed by other speakers.

The parade at noon was participated in by 6,000 people, composed of secret, military, and civic orders, state officers, city officers, and citizens, and was the most imposing event witnessed here in years. The entire city was profusely decorated and in complete holiday attire. Fully 10,000 strangers were present, and but for the railroad blockade fully 50,000 would have been there. Owing to the inability of ex-Governor Oglesby to arrive and act as chairman of the day, Judge W. J. Allen, of the United States district court, was selected and acted as chairman.

Mob Loots a Company Store.

PRINCETON, Ills., July 10.—The general merchandise store of the Whitebreast Fuel company, at Ladd, was looted by a mob of 1,200 alien miners from Spring Valley. The stock was valued at $30,000 and will be a complete loss. The mob was composed of Lithuanians, Poles, and Italians, being of the same class that has caused the depredations at Spring Valley, and most of them the same men. The attack upon the company store was not only for the purpose of securing plunder, but with a view to entirely wipe out the property of the coal company.

Want Officials' Salaries Cut.

BOWEN, Ills., July 9.—Petitions are being circulated in every voting precinct in Hancock county asking the board of supervisors to reduce the salaries of the county officials to be elected next November at least 25 per cent. The petition states that prices of all farm products are depressed and asks this reduction in salaries to correspond with the oppressed condition of affairs, thereby lessening the rate of taxation. The move was sprung by the Populists.

G. A. R. Men Willing to Serve.

LITCHFIELD, Ills., July 9.—Commander Manners of S. B. Phillips post No. 879, G. A. R., here, in view of the trouble feared from strikers in this city telegraphed Governor Altgeld that his entire post was willing to serve in protecting the life and property of the citizens of the state against the lawless element.

Aged Couple Married.

WASHINGTON, Ills., July 10.—Thomas Slant and Mrs. Elizabeth Eggman were married here. Their combined ages are 163 years, the groom being 83 and the bride 80. Each has been married twice before.

ARRIVAL OF THE MONOWAI.

She Brings Some Advices from Samoa and Honolulu.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9.—The steamship Monowai has arrived with Samoan advices dated June 20 and Honolulu news up to June 29. The Samoan correspondent of the Associated press reports that while there has been little actual fighting the situation is as critical as ever, with little prospect of a speedy settlement.

In Honolulu all is quiet. It had been definitely decided when the Monowai sailed to declare the new constitution on the 4th of July. There were rumors that the royalists were arming and getting ready to attempt to overcome the government on that date but the authorities had taken extra precautions against surprise.

Indiana Militia Ordered Out.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 9.—Governor Mathews determined, when telegrams showing the rule of a mob at Hammond had been received, that it was no longer possible to avoid sending militia to Hammond, and fifteen companies were ordered out to start at once.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Thomas Johnson was held for trial for burglary at Fairbury, Ills., and W. H. and Mabel Smith were committed to jail as witnesses, being unable to give bail for their appearance when needed.

Walter Lawson, aged 7 years, while driving a cow to pasture near Knoxville, Tenn., tied the picket rope around his waist. The cow became frightened, ran away, and dragged the boy to death.

William W. Rush of Crawfordsville, Ind., sawmill owner, was struck by a piece of timber and killed.

Reginald Bolph, traveling auditor of the Standard Oil company in the south, was drowned at Pass Christian, Miss.

Edward Hulbert, a carpenter, was found dead in a cistern at Ottumwa, Ia. His life was insured for $1,000 in favor of his landlady, Mrs. Cox. The coroner's jury found that he came to his death by drowning.

Charles V. Moore, who had seven children and could get no work, killed himself at Manchester, Va.

* * *

Mrs. Maggie Brannum in a deathbed confession at Knoxville, Tenn., implicated four men in a murder and robbery that occurred four year ago.

The Brushart Lumber company of Portsmouth, O., assigned to J. S. Dodge. Liabilities, $45,000; assets, $35,000.

A pet donkey, after throwing its rider, Henry C. May, in Philadelphia proceeded to eat him. The boy will die.

William McIntosh of Boulder, Colo., fell 250 feet from the second level to the bottom in the Victor shaft at Cripple Creek. He was instantly killed.

The Elgin, Ills., school census discloses a population of 19,913, a falling off of over 1,000 since last year. The largest increase is in the watch factory ward.

Whittlesey, Wis., was wiped out by forest fire. The town included the depot, boarding house, store, and a few unoccupied buildings. It will probably not be rebuilt.

The Greensburg (Ind.) Limestone company has closed down all its quarries, owing to the great falling off in building stone.

* * *

Cholera has reappeared at St. Petersburg.

At Cleveland the Cuyahoga soldiers and sailors' monument was dedicated. Governor McKinley was president of the day. A chorus of children was a feature of the ceremonies.

Nebraska Prohibitionists in convention at Lincoln nominated a full state ticket, E. A. Girard was nominated for governor.

The June report of the Egyptian cotton crop shows the cotton to be healthy and forward.

Dr. Joseph Nouri, the Greek archdeacon, who has brought a damage suit for $5,000,000 against the United States, is the man who recently claimed to have discovered Noah's ark on Mount Ararat.

The mother of the late General Boulanger is dead. She had attained the age of 93 years.

The civil engineers of Germany have decided to erect a monument to the memory of Dr. Werner von Siemens, the famous electrician and inventor, in the German capital. A well-known sculptor will carry out the work.

In a dash at Paterson, N. J., G. Fred Royce lowered the quarter-mile bicycle record to 29½ seconds.

* * *

The Louisville Southern will be sold at auction in Louisville, Aug. 16.

Linnie Slater, aged 11, was killed at New Buffalo, Ind., by being struck in the eye with a sky rocket.

The Illinois state board of health has received reports from health officials at Chicago showing that smallpox is now practically wiped out.

A young son of Charles Gillespie, at Brazil, Ind., was fatally crushed under a large street scraper.

The cash balance in the treasury July 5 was $119,079,823, of which $65,742,736 was gold reserve.

John McAndrews, aged 17, was robbed and murdered at Titusville, Pa.

Officials of central Illinois and Indiana lines are surprised at the large demand for cars for loading wheat. They believe the farmers will sell wheat much sooner than usual.

Hugh McArthur received probably fatal injuries at Fairbury from the explosion of a gun that he was firing.

Burglars robbed Mrs. Albert Hayward of Warsaw, Ind., of jewelry and cash to the amount of $700.

Elmer Johnson committed suicide at Farmer City.

* * *

Elmer Johnson, living near Lodge, Piatt county, Ills., committed suicide by shooting because of a disappointment in love.

Thirteen Missouri Pacific freight cars were ditched near Sedalia, Mo., and badly wrecked. A rail strap had been removed by some unknown person.

Although 164 Harvard graduates died last year Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, lives on, hale and hearty, the oldest alumnus of the university, aged 92.

Frank Peterson has been arrested for the murder of C. H. Wessels Jan. 1, 1891, near Clinton, Ia.

Charles Weir, married only two months ago to Miss Effie Wier, of Warren, O., has disappeared from his home at Evans City, Pa., and foul play is feared.

W. F. Bester, chairman of the Kansas City Board of Underwriters, received an order to increase rates of mercantile insurance 25 per cent. for all board companies.

Tired, Weak, Nervous

"I was in a discouraging condition, my health and strength almost gone. I had that tired feeling frequently, and had rheumatism so severely that I had to walk with a cane. I felt tired of life and was a burden to others. Nervous spells and dizziness added to my sufferings and greatly reduced my strength. I began to take



Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon was so much better that I kept on until I felt like a different person. I owe my present good health to Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla and cordially recommend it as a good all-round medicine." MRS. MARY C. CRYDENMAN, La Fontaine, Kansas.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.



[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XX.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT.

One night about three weeks after my entombment, as I sat beside the fire thinking mournfully of home and what they were all doing there now, I thought, after looking at my watch, that this was Charley's bed hour, and the child's singular countenance and large eyes—indeed he seemed all eyes, like a young crow—rose before my mind. Then I remembered having read somewhere, I think it was in one of Bulwer-Lytton's novels, that there were some persons so firmly and sensitively organized that a person with whom they were en rapport might, though at a distance, by sustained exercise of the will and concentration of thought, impress images or thoughts upon their minds, the patient being at the time in a receptive or passive mental state. Charley, I said, is now in bed and not yet asleep. I will at least try. I did so and remained for half an hour or so endeavoring with the utmost concentration of thought to convey to Charley the knowledge that I was here. For about a week I continued to do this and then gave over. I believed all the time that it was absurd and probably only went through these mental gymnastics for want of something else to do. Once as I awoke I heard a slight thud somewhere in the long gallery as of something falling. I did not attach any importance to it. I thought it was a stalactite falling from the roof. However, after I had breakfasted and played with my seals, I thought I would explore that gallery once more. Something might have fallen or been thrown in from the outer world. Coming to the spot where I had discovered the bones of animals, and searching around in all directions, I found something at which I cried out in a passion of delight and joy. It was one of the great brown soda cakes which were such a familiar spectacle morning and evening on the family board at home. It was grievously bruised, cracked and gapped, but nevertheless a real bona fide homemade cake. I felt at once that it was the result of my absurd experiment. Perhaps Charley had thrown in another whose fall I had not heard. I searched again and was about to leave off when the light of my torch fell upon a large fragment of a second. The remainder no doubt was lodged above in some cleft of the winding, rocky descent. The delight with which I consumed these dainties may be imagined, but infinitely greater was the joy caused by the consciousness that some one on the outside, no doubt Charley, was aware of my presence here.

In cutting that fragment of a cake to which I have already referred my knife seemed to be resisted by something unusual. Looking for the cause, I found a bit of paper, which, having unfolded, I found to be a letter to me from Charley. It ran as follows:

MY DEAR JACK—I know that you are alive and think that you are in the "Devil's Parlor." I send you a loaf and hope it will do you good. I saw you quite clearly, but they said I was dreaming. I will send you a cake once every second day. Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES FREEMAN.

All doubt was now at an end. Charley knew where I was, and though they called his vision dreaming I saw at once how I could communicate with the upper world and convince folks there of my presence here. The cake had been flung down at 7:30 in the morning. On the second morning, long before this hour, I was at the place and continued to shout at intervals. Half past 7 passed, 8, 9 passed, but no sign came from above and no cake. As I afterward learned, Charley had been sent away for change of air under the supposition that his mind was deranged. I seemed now as badly off as ever, and for some time was in a frame of mind in which, but for the seals, I might have killed myself. The gayety, pranks and affection of these poor dumb creatures prevented me from utterly losing heart, and gradually my spirits returned, or rather my fortitude and determination to endure all that it might please God that I should endure rather than do a deed so cowardly and wicked. Like Robinson Crusoe, of whom I often thought, I remembered that, though I had suffered and might suffer a great deal, I had also a great deal to be thankful for. I might have starved miserably, whereas I was in an almost miraculous manner supplied with daily food, and instead of utter and maddening solitude I was blessed with the society of these innocent, intelligent and affectionate animals. They would now wriggle and flap themselves up the rock to my fire, and I noticed that whenever my mood was unusually low they then particularly sought to attract my attention and provoke my caresses. I called the big male Mr. Jones, his mate, of course, Mrs. Jones, and the infant Scamp. They knew their names quite well. The little one, which was the most teachable, even learned from me many tricks, which gave me, in spite of my trouble, many a hearty laugh.

About this time I had an increase in my family. One day I noticed at the entrance of the fissure which communicated with the sea a fourth pair of round, wondering eyes. It represented a strange seal, which Mr. and Mrs. Jones, by various motions and frolics, seemed to be enticing into our society. Confidence is a plant of slow growth in the breast of a seal, and this seal was not drawn inward by parental affection like Mr. and Mrs. Jones. However, not to be too tedious, I succeeded in provoking the confidence and affection of this animal also and subsequently of others, so that before my liberation I had in all nine friends, while there were three more shy ones, to which I was making advances. I was often surrounded by the whole nine together and likened myself to old Proteus, the old man of the sea, upon whom Ulysses pounced while taking his siesta in the midst of his seals. I did not, however, at all remark the very disagreeable odor which Homer describes as arising from them. When too many of them came about me, I used to drive some back into the water, for their smell, though by no means intolerable, was not quite pleasant.

CHAPTER XXI.

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE VIA THE SEALS' TUNNEL.

Of course from the moment that I became aware of the seals' presence the thought naturally suggested itself to me that I might be able to get out through the same tunnel or boring by which the seals came in. Immediately after securing the young seal in the manner which I have described, I took off my clothes and swam to the opening of the tunnel, which was like a small cave at the other side of the pool. Here I could only penetrate a yard or two. Dropping my feet down and feeling for the opening, I discovered it. I returned, and waiting till the water of the pool was at its lowest swam back again, hoping that the ebb of the tide would have bared this tunnel sufficiently to enable a swimmer to get through. I was disappointed in this. The water, even at low tide, filled the tunnel and stood above the ragged portal to the distance of between two and three feet. By diving I might get through, but not otherwise. This was a very sore disappointment, for I had at first felt joyously certain that I could swim straight out into the open sea and so to Dhu-Corrig, or better, to the shady coos where Mr. Watkins kept his boat and where there was a nice strand and easy landing place. Among my many disappointments, I think there was none which affected me like that. At one moment I saw a door of escape lying open before me, black indeed, but the entrance of a tunnel plainly in communication with the sea. The next, in a manner quite unexpected, I found that door barred—barred with water. And yet I by no means gave up all hope of eventually making my escape by this avenue, for I was a good swimmer and diver, though I knew well that a man who would make his way under water from the point where I now was to the open sea would perhaps require three or four breaths in the course of his submarine journey. The source of this my second spring of hope in connection with the seals' tunnel will presently appear. The venture, however, upon which I had my resolution fixed I postponed executing till I should have quite tamed my seals.

First, then, I measured very carefully the distance from Curry's Window to the seals' pool. The cavern, it may be remembered, first trended straight inward and then described a curve to the left, sloping downward steadily and at times even sharply the whole way. This curve, continuing, became a recurve in the neighborhood of the pool, so that this part of the cavern was nearer to the outer sea by some 30 yards than that portion of the curve which was farthest inland and away from the sea. The calculation was not easy, but here for the first and last time in my life I found my college trigonometry of some practical value to me. My object, of course, was to discover the distance from the mouth of the tunnel at the seals' pool to the other mouth, by which it communicated with the sea. As the face of the sea cliff was nearly if not quite vertical, my problem was not complicated by the introduction of an external element. I merely added a few yards at a guess to represent the very slight departure from perpendicularity of the face of the cliff below Curry's Window. Eventually I concluded that the tunnel on the assumption that it would run straight was about 170 yards long, and I still believe that this approximation was tolerably correct. For these calculations a smooth rock was my slate and a bit of hard stone my pencil. At this time I often thought of Sindbad the Sailor and the manner in which he escaped from his tomb by following the course taken by an animal along a winding passage into the open air, and of the similar adventure of Aristomenes, the Messenian, who escaped in a similar manner, save for the fact that Aristomenes held his guiding animal—a fox—hard by the tail.

But for the water I would have made my escape, too, as well as they, and Sindbad and the brave Messenian would under my circumstances have been just as much at a stand as I was.

Now, I knew from experience that I could dive 60 yards with ease in clear water. Consequently, diving at my full rate of speed, I would have to take breath at least twice before reaching the sea. But then diving through a submarine tunnel, with the expectation of striking against rock with every forward drive, was obviously a very different thing from under water swimming in the unobstructed sea. Moreover, in my transit through this tunnel, I could not expect to see anything, owing to the absence of light, and therefore should be obliged, as it were, to grope my way painfully along. It might be imagined that all these considerations would at once and altogether remove from my mind the thought that I might make my escape through the seals' tunnel. But they did not. I argued that the fact that the tunnel was quite flooded at its entrance did not prove that it would be flooded all the way through. Possibly, I said, the tunnel is only submarine at the two ends, and that throughout its whole intervening extent I may be able to swim joyfully forward with an arched roof of rock above my head. I knew that the outer entrance of the tunnel was submarine. I was very well acquainted with the face of the cliff outside along the sea's edge and knew that there was no cave or fissure resembling a cave anywhere visible even at low water along this wall of cliff. Even if the tunnel through most of its extent were flooded, it might well be that at certain points here and there it was not flooded, and that I might be able here and there to come to the surface and breathe and find myself swimming in a cave. With a few airholes of this description I might succeed in getting through, provided they occurred at convenient intervals.

It was the 4th day of August when I first attempted the tunnel. I took my fishing line, and fastening one end of it securely to a pointed projection of rock



A smooth rock was my slate and a bit of hard stone my pencil.

wound up the rest upon a piece of timber. This, of course, was to serve as a clew. In the event of failure I desired to have some surer method than that of mere feeling and groping to guide me back into the place which was my home and away from which I could not even contrive to exist for 48 hours. I may add that before I seriously attempted the tunnel I had gradually accustomed my seals to see me without my clothes. Naturally I feared to frighten away these creatures, upon whose industry I lived. Approaching the entrance of the tunnel, I dived, holding in my left hand the timber upon which the fishing line was wound, and entered the tunnel, letting the cord wind off as I went like thread from a reel. I groped along—it could hardly be called diving—with my back close to the roof of the tunnel, until, as I calculated, half my power of retaining breath was exhausted. At this point I put a knot on the cord, and half swimming, half drawing myself forward by the cord which I held now in my right hand, returned as I had come. When I rose to the surface of the pool, I was aware that I could have gone some distance farther without any distress. Coming to land, I drew in the line and found by the knot that I had made only 12 yards. That represented 24 yards to and fro, which was a considerable falling off from the 60 yards which in unobstructed water I knew to be the length of my average submarine performances. The seals splashed about and made joyful cries on my reappearance. They were now quite accustomed to me, both on land and in the water. I dressed, and thinking I had done enough for the first attempt desisted from a renewal of the enterprise till next day. The next day, however, was stormy. Indeed wild weather now supervened for more than a fortnight. During this wild weather I made no attempt upon the tunnel. I knew that even if I were lucky enough to get through the whole way into the ocean I would be banged about in the surf and breakers at the foot of the cliffs and would never be able to get home. Every day I made an observation of the weather at Curry's Window. After a fortnight and two days the weather grew mild again, and having waited three days more to allow the agitation of the sea to subside I renewed my efforts to penetrate the tunnel. This time I determined to proceed at least three yards beyond the knot. I did so, and still finding the rock above me was about to return when, as I was turning round and kicking, I discovered that my foot made a noise. This, of course, was a sign that I had agitated the surface of the water. Turning again and making a stroke forward and upward, I suddenly found my head in the air. My delight may be imagined. The first of the blowholes or airholes for which I had hoped was discovered. It might be the beginning of that arched gallery reaching nearly to the sea for which I had hoped. Resting for awhile, I began to examine this vacant space and discover its nature and capabilities as well as I could in the dark. I feared it might be so small that at full tide the water might fill it, but that was not so.

I raised my voice, and the echoes clearly proved that it was of great extent. As for my hope that it might be the beginning of a long reach of tunnel, half air and half water, I was greatly disappointed to find that such was not the case. I could swim all round it. At one point the edges were so inclined that I could get clear out of the water and stand upright. As far as I could reach with my hand I could feel free space above me. This blowhole at all events would be at my disposal, whether the tide was at flood or at ebb. Before starting from the seals' pool I had made a series of knots upon my line behind the knot which I made on the occasion of my first attempt, each knot representing a yard. The distance from the entrance of the tunnel to the farthest point of this cave I found now by means of these knots to be 28 yards. In the event of my discovering the tunnel at this point on its way to the sea, and adding 16 yards to the distance—the space that I could traverse without being obliged to turn back—I might now consider myself as being within 186 yards of the open sea and as having virtually achieved 44 yards. No doubt I had a huge extent of water to get through still, but I was not daunted. On the contrary, I was filled with hope. I had found my first blowhole, and I might find others. "Who knows," I said, "but after passing through another submarine tunnel of half a dozen yards I might find myself in an airy gallery running almost to the edge of the cliff?" I again entered the water and swam slowly all around the edge of my cave, holding on by the rock and feeling with my feet. Eventually I thought that I had found the continuation of the tunnel, and though I could not be sure, yet quite satisfied, and more than satisfied, with the result of this exploration, I resolved to get home now. So I dived again, and following my clew reappeared in the seals' pool and that day dined in better spirits than I had been at any time since my descent into this terrible cavern.

CHAPTER XXII.

FAILED FOR THE PRESENT.

Next day, for, as I think I have remarked, I observed the seasons of day and night, I made another and more determined exploration of the seals' tunnel. I got into my first blowhole without difficulty, though at the cost of a bad cut on my right ankle, which pained me a good deal and which no doubt bled profusely. Arrived here, I felt about for the ledge on which I had stood the day before. The tide was higher now and the ledge covered with water, so I clambered to it with greater ease. I first made fast my clew and the stick on which it was wound to a projection of the rock, and afterward moving along the ledge felt about in the dark with my hands. The tide was not yet at its lowest, nor would it be for some time, and of course my efforts to thread the continuation of the tunnel would be best undertaken with the water at its lowest ebb for the reasons that I have already mentioned. In the meantime I desired to explore the cave as well as I could. It was just possible that the continuation of the tunnel might be at this point overland or rather overrock. At all events I determined to utilize the time at my disposal by groping about the cave. Presently I found my right hand going round a corner of rock, and stretching it out and away from my body, but still in a forward direction, found nothing there but empty space. Scrambling into this empty space, I was soon satisfied that I was either in the continuation of the seals' tunnel or that the cave was provided in this place with a pocket of unknown dimensions. Though keenly bent upon exploration. I determined not to travel beyond the sound of the water lest I should lose my way in the darkness. The day after I slid down from Curry's Window I had had in the great cavern a horrible experience of that kind which was a lesson to me. The sound of the water, however, reached a great way here, owing to the reverberation of the hollow roof. To any one else, no doubt, the huge, sucking noises, as of some great monster drinking, and the sullen dismal echoes of the flux and reflux of the water, would have been very horrible and impressive. But I was now too steeled to suffering and horrors to take more than a utilitarian view of those noises. I kept to that side of the pocket by which I had first entered it and penetrated some 20 yards without coming to the end or meeting with anything more noteworthy than dry seaweed and a good deal of rotten drift timber. "I know where to get fuel," I said to myself, "should my storehouse in the big cavern ever give out." All this time I kept listening for the flopping sound which my seals would make if this were their avenue to the sea. Hearing nothing of the kind, my hope that this might be the tunnel subsided. Nevertheless I determined on some future occasion to explore this pocket or whatever it might be more thoroughly. Returning to its entrance, I slid into the water, taking my clew with me, swam to the point where, on the occasion of my last visit, I seemed to have found the continuation of the tunnel, and dived. I went straight down, but in front of me and on my left hand found nothing but rock; then, turning to the right, discovered what seemed to be the tunnel, certainly some opening of considerable dimensions. At this moment something soft, yet solid and seemingly alive, pushed against my breast and throat. I was so frightened that in my terror I dropped the clew and sucked in a quantity of water. Recovering my self control, I got to the surface as quickly as I could. Fortunately I was only at the mouth of the tunnel. Had I been in the interior when this happened, I would almost certainty have been drowned, so frightened was I" by this mysterious collision. Hardly had I gained the surface when I guessed the cause of my alarm. It was certainly one of my seals. Presently I heard the well known cry, and the poor beast pressed up against me in the dark. It was a female seal who was very much attached to me. I used to call her the Plaintiff. Though my terror was allayed, I felt myself unequal to the task of any further exploration of the tunnel just then. Accordingly, feeling my way round the cave till I came to the ledge, which was near the entrance of the first portion of the tunnel, I dived and got home without further accident and succeeded in drawing back my clew, which I feared might have stuck fast somewhere. Here I may add that, owing, I suppose, to the original heat of my temperament or perhaps to the possession of a fair share of fat, for I might be described as stout rather than thin, I could remain in water longer than any other swimmer of my acquaintance. On the present occasion I was dispirited and out of sorts, but not cold. Yet, having dined, I felt brisk and vigorous again. This day I dined on steaks of turbot. I mention it because it was the only flat fish that my seals brought me during the whole term of my imprisonment. It now occurred to me that if I could make a fire in the cave off the first blowhole it would be of great service to me in my next attempt to traverse the continuation of the tunnel there. But how to bring fire thither was certainly a difficulty. I could not bring a burning brand with me swimming under water a distance of 16 yards. That was plain. I now re-examined that pocket of my coat in which I had found the loose powder originally, though I knew that there could be little or none there. After making that piece of tinder or touch-cloth by which I kindled my first fire I had turned the pocket inside out that the loose grains might fall upon it and so help toward the ignition. On examining this pocket now by the light of my fire I noticed that the bottom of it was quite black. I guessed the cause at once. Some time last winter my jacket had got thoroughly soaked with rain and the bottom of the pocket was steeped in solution of gunpowder. I touched the black lining with the tip of my tongue and recognized the acrid taste. I now saw my way clearly toward the making of a second fire. I cut out the black part of the lining and bestowed it in my purse. It was the first leathern purse I ever owned, bought since I went to college, for my schoolboy purse was a netted one with steel rings and little bunch of steel pendants at each end. My father, I remember, never gave in to the leathern clasp purse—he used a netted one, with rings, as long as he lived. Then I took a piece of my line, and having doubled the purse bound it round strongly with the cord and made it perfectly water tight. Next day, some two hours before low water, I stripped, took my knife and the rolled up purse in my teeth, the clew also, as usual, in my hand, and dived through the tunnel, came up in the blowhole and clambered into the dry part of that cavern. I placed the purse and knife in a spot where I could easily find them again, and having first dried my hands in the crisp seaweed, which was abundant here, proceeded to select the brittlest and most crumbling timber. Such was imbedded everywhere in the seaweed. Then I kept moving about, striking sparks from the rocks with my knife till I found a projection which seemed to emit them in a more brilliant manner than the rest. Now I soon learned what an assistance to me in my former attempt of this kind was the loose powder which I was then in a position to sprinkle upon the touchcloth. Though the sparks were sometimes so bright as to reveal clearly not only the touchcloth, but my whole hand, and though they seemed to fly right into the cloth, they produced no other result than these fleeting illuminations. I believe I was nearly an hour at this exercise and at last gave over, my wrist being thoroughly tired. As I sat reflecting it occurred to me that the cloth would have a better chance of catching fire if I presented its edges to the sparks and also if I were to fray those edges into fluff. "Better still," I thought, "fray a good deal of those edges into fluff. It will then be sheer tow, which, saturated as it is in solution of gunpowder, must catch fire." I did this. Then I struck the rock again with my knife, and at the first spark which went rightly into the tow the latter caught fire, spluttering and fizzing up gloriously. I had my little heap of crumbled touchwood ready at hand all this time. In short, after a very few minutes I stood beside a large and brightly burning fire. There was plenty of timber at hand for the feeding of it. The whole cave was brilliantly lighted up—roof, sides and the level floor of dark but gleaming water. So much of the cave as was just above the water was nearly quite round and presented the appearance of an inverted bowl. After a short observation of the blowhole, I turned my attention to the pocket. The entrance was not wide, but the cave within expanded into great dimensions. As I knew, however, that this pocket, huge pouch or whatever it might be termed, was no better for me than a blind alley, leading I knew not whither, I postponed its exploration. I was not here to make discoveries, but to make my way out if by God's grace and my own swimming and diving it might in any way be effected. It was now low water, as I judged by the appearance of the ledge. Then, unfastening my clew and commending myself to the protection of the Almighty, I swam across the pool to the place where I knew was the entrance of the tunnel, and dived. As I had knots all along the line marking the yards, I knew exactly the rate of my progress. I had not gone 10 yards when, feeling nothing above me with my right hand, I slowly rose and presently found my head above water. This was an unexpected good fortune. I had found my second blowhole. I was certainly 10 yards nearer to the sea, and how many more besides would depend on the size of this second cavern. I swam round its edge and found that it was of exceedingly small dimensions, only about three yards in diameter—in fact, quite literally a blowhole and nothing else. It had this advantage, however—that the entrance of the continuation of the tunnel was apparent, or, more correctly, palpable. I felt the edge of the tunnel quite distinctly with my feet and the movement of the water there, for the tide had turned. Again I dived and continued groping forward to a distance of 14 yards, but still felt the rock above me. Most reluctantly I turned back at this point, for I knew that a good half of my power of retaining breath was exhausted. My return journey, however, was the easier, for I assisted myself by drawing on the line, which was excellent, strong whipcord. Yet even so, I was almost at the farthest limit of my powers when I reached the small blowhole. There I remained for a few minutes, blowing and panting. My return thence to the cup shaped cave where my fire burned was easy. Moreover, I could see before me the reflection of the light in the water, which had upon my mind the effect of a friendly beckoning and welcoming hand. Clambering up to my fire, I sat down beside it, brooding and pondering. It was now plain to me that escape by the seals' tunnel was only possible on one condition—viz, that I should stake my life on the chances, they being enormously against success. I knew that in my dive from the second blowhole toward the sea I had done my very best—gone forward to the last yard, exhausting the full half of my power of holding my breath. True, there might have been a breathing place one yard beyond the point at which I had turned back, but then again there might not be any such blowhole at all between the second of my breathing places and the sea, and from that point to the sea on the assumption that the tunnel ran quite straight there was a distance of more than 100 yards according to the most favorable computation. Were I to dive again from the second blowhole with no intention of returning, only with the intention of pushing forward till I should be drowned or find another breathing spot, I might make 24 yards, or even by desperate determination and such power as God might graciously give me make even 30 yards. Then, should I meet with no breathing place, I would be miserably smothered and drowned. I knew that if I were to make this desperate stroke for freedom the sooner I delivered it the better, for my physical strength, owing to a diet of fish repeated day after day, was failing. In mind I was still vigorous, but physically I was decidedly weaker than when I entered the cavern. A few days before this I endeavored to move a pebble which the day after my imprisonment I had been able to raise a little, though not so far as to turn it right over. On this second occasion I could only just stir it in its place. After awhile I got up and explored the cavern, lighting new fires at convenient intervals. It was indeed a great and august chamber of rock, fit to be the temple of some gloomy superstition, but I discovered there nothing of any importance, not even sound timber. This pocket, like the great cavern, had not been visited by the sea for many years. The drift timber there, though abundant enough, crumbled as I handled it. I covered up the embers of the fire near the blowhole with ashes to keep it alive and returned through the tunnel to my own cave. That evening I brooded long and earnestly over the dreadful problem. The making of steps along the slope up to Curry's Window would be the work of years. If I adopted that other desperate alternative—a despairing, headlong and rushing dive through the tunnel—I would either escape at once or at once die, and so be released from all my troubles. Then it seemed to me that to take such a step with all the chances so great against success was like suicide—a crime which I had been brought up to regard as perhaps the most heinous and awful of all crimes. When I awoke in the morning, it seemed to me as if I had somehow made up my mind and come to a determination while I slept. At the time I regarded this as a divine illumination vouchsafed to my prayers for guidance and light. Possibly enough, for the human mind is very deceitful, I finally decided against the bolder and more daring course sheerly from want of courage to put it into execution, and truly the thought of being smothered with salt water in the submarine darkness of the tunnel would have been enough to appall and unman a bolder spirit than mine. Yet indeed I do not believe that I was turned aside by fear from the adoption of the more daring and perilous course. I have to observe, however, that from this day forward a certain lassitude, inertness and lack of spirit grew upon me, mainly caused by my low diet, but noticeably beginning to appear on this particular day, owing to the complete and final frustration of all the high and joyful hopes which I had so long entertained in connection with the seals' tunnel. There, within a few yards of me, lay the gate and entrance of a road leading to light, liberty, home and happiness, yet I could not traverse it, so charged was it all with salt water. My poor seals went there freely out and in half a dozen times a day, but I could not, though indeed I tried and did my best. While Charley's brown bread came down to me I was strong. When that failed and I had nothing but fish to eat, I slowly, day by day, grew weak. I did not feel despondency so much as a certain lassitude and a tendency to do nothing but ruminate and half sleep, so that sometimes even the task of feeding my fire seemed to require a great effort of will before it could be effected.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Musical Legend of the Chinese.

The Chinese have some extraordinary superstitions relating to music. According to their queer notions, the Creator of the universe hid eight sounds in the earth for the express purpose of compelling man to find them out. On the same principle, it is presumed, Jupiter, according to Virgil, hides fire in flints and honey in trees in order to whet the ardor of man's industry to persevere in his efforts to rediscover the hidden treasures.

According to the Celestial idea, the eight primitive sounds are hidden in stones, silks, woods of various kinds, the bamboo plant, pumpkins, in the skins of animals, in certain earths and in the air itself. Any one who has ever had the pleasure (?) of seeing and listening to a Chinese orchestra will remember that their musical intruments were made of all these materials except the last, and that the combined efforts of the other seven seemed better calculated to drive the ethereal sound away than to coax it from the air, which is really the object of all Chinese musical efforts. When the bands plays, the naive credulity of the people, both old and young, hears in the thuds of the gongs and the whistling of the pipes the tones of the eternal sounds of nature that were originally deposited in the various animate and inanimate objects by the all wise Father.—St. Louis Republic.

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CHICAGO, JULY 14, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Clover."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"An American Heiress."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Seabrooke.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ARBITRATION THE TRUE REMEDY.

George M. Pullman still absents himself from the city his arrogant policy has thrown into chaos, and still, mule like, refuses to consider the repeated proposals for arbitration made by the leaders of the strikers. Pullman is a man sprung from the common people of this country. He has not, so far as we are informed, a drop of "royal" or "aristocratic" blood in his veins, and yet he is quite as inaccessible to reason as any French Bourbon or English Stuart that ever lived. Indeed he closely resembles James II, of England, who, after setting the Three Kingdoms by the ears and causing great loss of life and treasure, fled to France, leaving his unfortunate adherents to bear the brunt of the storm. The Irish called James, after he ran away from the Boyne, by an unsavory name which has clung to his not very fragrant memory from that day to this. But, bad as James was, he looked on at a few skirmishes and one battle before he was "run away with by his legs." Therefore, even Shamus *A h—a*, was a braver man than Pullman, who ran away before a shot was fired at all. The people who fight his battles are fools. He is not worth fighting for. The man has the ambition to be a lion, but he has the heart of a mouse.

Now, why should not George Pullman consent to arbitrate? On what particular meat has he fed that he will not listen to the voice of reason? He stands on his "rights of property." Few people question those rights, but millions condemn the wrongs of property. Pullman thinks he is morally correct in unjustly discriminating as an employer, and in exacting his pound of flesh as a landlord. This was precisely the attitude assumed by the Irish landlords before Parnell came upon the scene. To every argument in favor of humanity, the Irish landlord arrogantly replied, "I can do what I like with my own!" His brutal attitude toward the people shocked even such rabid Tory organs as the London *Times*. In vain the unfortunate tenants pleaded bad crops and poor wages. What cared the Irish landlord? He spent happy days at the seaside, just as Pullman is doing, and had his seasons of pleasure in London, Paris and Vienna. His agent, or some other understrapper, collected his rents, and continued to turn a deaf ear to the complaints of the suffering people. What was the result? Agrarian warfare, without cessation, for three quarters of a century. The people, driven to desperation, secretly assembled and proceeded to wreak vengeance, often blindly and ferociously—just as they had been dealt with themselves. The fairest provinces of Ireland reeked with human blood. Eviction and starvation were answered with the bullet of the conspirator or assassin. If the landlord exposed himself he was shot, or otherwise butchered. Failing him the agent was the victim, and, failing the agent, the bailiff or the cattle driver suffered. Government met these desperate methods with special commissions and almost wholesale hangings, but still the horrible and revolting warfare continued to rage. The secret agrarian organizations gave the Irish landlords no rest, and the stubborn stupidity and selfishness of the landlords gradually soured against them even the unsympathetic, anti-Irish masses of the English people themselves. These latter began to see that the landlords, relying on the army, the navy and the police, cared not to what expense or trouble they put the country at large, so long as they were enabled to rule as they pleased.

This was the golden opportunity of the leaders of the Irish Land League, Parnell, Davitt, Patrick Egan, Matthew Harris and the rest. Then began, in 1879, that celebrated agitation against Irish landlordism which has shorn it of half its power. Whatever else the Irish Land and National Leagues failed to accomplish, one thing is certain—they wrung from the English parliament an amended Land bill, and caused the establishment of government Land courts, which are simply courts of arbitration between landlord and tenant. What has been the result? Agrarian combinations and agrarian crimes have almost disappeared from Ireland, and the Irish tenant, in most cases, has no longer hanging over him the fear of unjustly raised rent or summary eviction.

Now, certain people in this American republic are very fond of copying what is idle, vicious and oppressive in England, while they ignore that which is good in her administration of the laws. Great corporations and great individuals in Ireland owned, for generations, the Irish tenants, body and soul. They would not arbitrate. They were too high and mighty to meet the common people and take counsel with them. Finally, after weary years of cruel oppression and bloody resistance, they were compelled by law to occupy a position toward their serfs which they might have long before honorably occupied but for their pride, greed and spirit of lord paramount devilry. What an ideal Irish landlord George M. Pullman would have made, had he only lived in ante-Land court days!

Now, the power of a refusal to arbitrate ought to be taken out of the hands of corporations like the Pullman company, which creates big communities and makes employes tenants, by either National or State legislation. No one man—no one corporation—should have the power over American citizens that Pullman and his company enjoy. There should be some method arrived at either in congress or the State legislature by which in cases, like that pending, American employers and landlords could be made to meet their employes and tenants half way. It is monstrous that one man, or one corporation, should have the power to plunge a great country into what virtually amounts to social war. The government must take a hand in the settlement of such questions in the future. It is the only rational way out of the difficulty.

It is lamentable that some evil disposed persons among the strikers should have applied the torch to railroad, or other, property, and assailed either the National or State troops. It is not by such methods people oppressed can hope to win the sympathy of law abiding citizens, who constitute the great bulk of the nation. In "sympathetic strikes" the only force that can be counted on to achieve success is the force of public opinion, and where people not concerned are made to suffer by reason of lawless acts, so much sympathy, which counts for everything, is lost to those who strike on what they consider principle. It seems illogical that men who are not in any way oppressed by their employers should be called upon to mulct themselves in wages and embarrass those who give them work, for the sake of a small, or comparatively small, number of their fellows, and yet there is in their attitude an element of the unselfish and heroic. In a strike of the kind the employes are bound to suffer more than the employers. The latter, generally speaking, can stand a siege of hard times, because they have resources of some kind, but the average workingman, who lives from hand to mouth, cannot fail to suffer in the end. The total or partial paralysis of trade and commerce cannot fail to bring hardship to every hearth in the land, but more especially to the hearths of the poor. Civil war is no remedy for the existing condition of things. It would not alone be disgraceful but disastrous. The sensible way out is to arbitrate the difficulty, and make honorable concessions on both sides.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S COUNSEL.

The following circular letter of Archbishop Feehan, addressed to the pastors, was read in every Catholic church of the archdiocese last Sunday: "At a time, like the present, of much public excitement it becomes the duty of good citizens to use every influence to preserve the peace and public order and to sustain legitimate authority. Please, therefore, earnestly urge your people at the different masses tomorrow to avoid the occasions and places of tumult and disorder and not to be found among those who may excite to violence and riot. The people will, I am sure, listen to the wise counsels of their pastors and thus have reason to congratulate themselves when the present unfortunate state of things has passed away."

CAMBRIDGE'S JOKE.

George, Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of the British army, and cousin german to Victoria, is a laughable old chap. In a speech at the opening of church schools in London on Tuesday the Duke "pointed out a moral from the republican countries in various parts of the world. These lands, according to the Duke, had no principle, and, in consequence, large numbers of people were being shot down. The authorities of these lands could not keep order in any other way. The Duke spoke of the tendency of the present age to aim at over-education." This is very, very funny. We remember for example that the armed forces of England, within ten years, shot down the Irish people, peaceably assembled, at Mitchellstown, Ennis, Ballina and other places. Also, the army commanded by the Duke, operating in India, blew to pieces from the mouths of cannon, numerous Sepoy prisoners. Oh, these English! these English! Hell will never be full until they are all there, "under hatches."

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOG.

The odious George M. Pullman was thus summed up on Tuesday in a interview of a *Mail* reporter with Mayor Hopkins:

"It is labor lost; not one hundred and fifty mayors would have the slightest effect on the Pullman company," said Mayor Hopkins this morning when asked if Mayor Pingree of Detroit had asked him to become one of the fifty mayors to join in an appeal to George M. Pullman to allow the differences between him and his men to be submitted to arbitration. "Mayor Pingree probably thought there was no need of asking me to join with him in such an appeal," said the mayor. "My position is pretty well known. Every one is ignored by this company. However, it will take Pullman years to recover from this trouble. He will find he is boycotted without any unity of action or effort by the American people. The business will go to Pullman's competitors; then he will realize the mistake of his position today."

ENGLAND'S IRISH BOOKKEEPING.

It would seem that the members of the Irish parliamentary party have found some practical work to do at last in dealing with their English friends. At least they are trying to fathom the mysteries of British bookkeeping since the period of the Union, in 1801. They will have a nice time of it, for, indeed, the British are the best bookkeepers on the earth, and always manage to pile up what Burns called "damnation of expenses," in their accounts with less potential nations. Everybody that has studied the subject at all knows that England has systematically cheated Ireland since the political fortunes of the two countries were conjoined. O'Connell used to say that England made Ireland pay even for the knife with which Castlereagh cut his throat. Aye, more than that. She made Ireland pay for the bayonets that repulsed Ney at Busaco, baffled Soult at Albuera, and demolished Jourdan and Joseph Bonaparte at Vitoria. She also made her pay for the muskets that fringed with deadly fire the squares of Waterloo, and for the sabres that flashed like livid lightning amid the Russian batteries at Balaklava. She has, further, made her pay for subduing the Sepoy in Hindoostan, and the Zulu in South Africa. Ireland has borne more than her proportion in paying the expenses of fighting her friends for the benefit of her English enemy. We know of no condition more abject. The father who ordered his child to cut a switch for the child's own flagellation was a Christian and a gentleman compared with John Bull in his Irish relations.

But a London correspondent of the Chicago *Herald*, gives some interesting particulars of the manner in which the Irish parliamentarians are about to overhaul the English bookkeepers. It was, he says, alleged of Mr. Gladstone's first home rule bill, that of 1886, that its financial proposals were unintelligible and could not be made to work. "It was claimed on behalf of Ireland that his amended bill of last year was plain enough, but that under it Ireland could not raise enough revenue to conduct a home government because it took away too much of the available taxation for imperial purposes. In order that the financial relations of the two countries, present, past and possible, might be cleared up and brought within knowledge of parliament, a commission has been appointed of which Thomas Sexton will be the ruling spirit to bring in a blue book on the entire subject. John Redmond is also opposed to the fiscal scheme of the new home rule bill on the same grounds that were presented by Mr. Sexton; so that for once, at least, it is expected that the two factions will appear united behind an Irish measure. Lord Welby, who has been in the treasury twenty-eight years and its permanent secretary a third of that time, is also a member and will be of value in getting at suppressed records by which the drain from Ireland for imperial purposes has been kept from public knowledge with more or less success for three-quarters of a century. Right Hon. Hugh Childers, who is chairman of the commission, has also had extensive experience in national finance, but, although a Liberal and a follower of Mr. Gladstone, his Irish sympathies have been more or less doubtful, and since his appointment it has been disclosed that he is on record against any radical measure of local self-government. His influence in the commission is likely to be against a favorable showing for Irish revenues to be applied by a domestic legislature. To offset Childers, the chairman of the National Bank of Ireland, Slattery, has been added to the commission. The commission resolved at first to sit with closed doors, but subsequently consented to let in representatives of the press. That its work is to take important scope is shown in its request upon the treasury for three sets of statistics never before prepared. The first is to cover the financial relations of the seven years preceding the act of union, which was brought about corruptly in 1800. The second is to cover the interval after the union up to 1818, and the third will carry the chronicle down to the present time. It is obvious that the Nationalist members are resolved to probe thoroughly the bad faith of English ministers who, in spite of the pledge in the act of union that Ireland should never be taxed for the debt of England prior to that event, charged that burden upon Ireland eighteen years later. Mr. Childers is understood to hold that Ireland is too poor to support a home government, but the Nationalists will probably make out a very different showing and may bring in a big bill for rebate of the money extorted from Ireland since 1818 in violation of the act of union."

TOO BLOODTHIRSTY.

Several able editors seem never to tire of calling on the regulars, militia and police to "shoot, shoot, shoot!" It is fair to assume that the military and police know their duty quite as well as the able editors. People should not be shot down like dogs, except on the extremest provocation. This is not Russia or Ireland. Trained soldiers don't shoot at every woman who calls names, or every little boy who hurls a pebble at a train. It is different where thugs and thieves, always on the lookout for disorder, so that they may profit by it, attempt to obstruct the inter-state or other highways, or apply the torch. They, when caught in the act, should be dealt with summarily. They disgrace the cause of labor, and deserve neither countenance nor quarter.

GIANTS IN THESE DAYS.

The Dublin Metropolitan Police, the finest physical specimens of manhood in the world, except the police of Chicago and New York, who come mostly of the same stock, have an invincible "tug of war" team, which "lines up," according to the official report, as follows:

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.
Record—Champions of the World;
Never Defeated.

Name	Age	Height ft.	Height in.	Weight lbs.
A. Heffernan	40	5	10¼	241
T. M. Bennett	27	6	1	224
W. Ashe	33	6	0	210
M. J. Woulfe	23	6	6¼	209
W. P. Bannan	26	6	3½	204½
D. Mahony	22	6	3½	196½
G. Thackaberry	26	6	½	198
E. Timlin	28	6	1½	196
J. Carroll	22	5	10½	196
F. Geoghegan	10	6	1	196

Captain—Denton Booth, Inspector.

DEBS' APPEAL FOR ORDER.

Simultaneously with the news of Eugene V. Debs' arrest for conspiracy by the United States law officers, appeard his appeal to the strikers for order, couched in the following terms:

TO ALL STRIKING EMPLOYES AND SYMPATHIZERS: In view of the serious phases which the strike has assumed, I deem it my duty to again admonish you to not only refrain from acts of violence, but to aid in every way in your power in maintaining law and order. We have everything to lose and nothing to gain by participating, even to the extent of our presence, in demonstrative gatherings. Almost universal unrest prevails. Men are excitable and inflammable. The distance from anger to vengeance is not great. Every precaution against still further aggravating conditions should be taken. In this supreme hour let workingmen show themselves to be orderly and law-abiding by freely cooperating with the authorities in suppressing turbulence and preserving the peace. Our position is secure and the people are with us. We have used every effort that reason and justice could suggest to obtain redress for our grievances. Our advances have been repelled. The responsibility for the grave situation that confronts the country is not with us. The indications now are that the stoppage of work will become general. This in itself will be a calamity, but if order be maintained it may yet prove to be a blessing to the country. I appeal to every workingman to entirely keep away from places where trouble is likely to occur. What under normal conditions would be an inoffensive gathering may now become a demonstrative mob. All good citizens deprecate the loss of life and the destruction of property. Grave as these complications are, our civilization is far enough advanced to find and apply a remedy without resort to violence. We are merely contending for justice for our fellow-workingmen, who have been reduced to want by a power that now defies public opinion. Strong in the faith that our position is correct, that our grievances are just, we can afford to patiently await the final verdict. The great public may be slow to act, but in the fullness of time it will act. Then the wrong, wherever found, will be rebuked and cloven down, and the right will be enthroned. However serious the situation may become, let it not be intensified by lawlessness or violence. EUGENE V. DEBS.

FRANK CROWE'S CANDIDACY.

Timothy E. Ryan, having received the regular Democratic nomination in the Fourth Congressional District, and Frank Lawler having declared himself an independent candidate, the Republicans of the district have a good chance to elect their man, if they only pick out the most likely candidate. The latter presents himself in the person of Mr. Frank Crowe, an Irish-American lawyer, a resident of the district, young, active and eloquent. Any other kind of a candidate has no earthly show in that district. If the Republicans are wise, they will nominate Mr. Crowe. If they are not wise, they will have only themselves to blame for an untoward outcome.

DURING the strikes of 1877, the railroad men who struck guarded the property of the railroads here and elsewhere most efficiently. The awful conflagration and loss of life in Pittsburg were occasioned by the lawless element, who were in no way affiliated with the strikers proper. Alleghany county, Pennsylvania, had to pay $13,000,000 damages because of the Pittsburg riots.

CONGRESSMEN McGANN and Goldzier, Democrats, have been renominated in their respective districts.

BULLETS, bayonets and indictments are all very well in their way to secure temporary tranquility, but, somehow, there is a trembling in the air which announces great popular discontent in this country. Our statesmen had better bend themselves at once to the herculean task of pacifying the people by the passage of remedial measures. "You may shoot a man," said Wendell Phillips, in one of his last speeches, "but you cannot shoot an idea."

GEORGE M. PULLMAN is a mass of proud flesh. As "Sunset" Cox would observe, "proud flesh isn't healthy."

EUGENE V. DEBBS, George W. Howard, Sylvester Kelleher, L. W. Rogers, James Murwin, Lloyd Hotchkins, James Hannan, A. Piazypak, H. Elfin, William Smith, John Mesterbrook, John Duffy, Edward O'Neill, Charles Nailer, Fred Ketchum, E. Shelley, John W. Doyle, and William McMullen, were indicted for conspiracy by the United States grand jury on Tuesday, and gave bail before Commissioner Hoyne for their appearance in court. Mr. Debs' private papers were also seized, but the United States Attorney-General repudiated the seizure, saying the government was too strong to resort to such methods, and Judge Grosscup ordered the papers returned to their owner.

THE Pope is not dangerously ill, as has been reported. In fact, his Holiness is in excellent health, considering his advanced age.

NEVER cover a blooming boil with a piece of sticking plaster. If you do, it will break out in a thousand places. Bullets can temporarily quell a mob, but legislation is a much safer medicine. After order is restored, let reform of the relations between capital and labor in this country be earnestly taken hold of by our statesmen.

COMPANY C, 15th United States Infantry, commanded by Captain Conrad, fired upon strikers who attacked them at Spring Valley, Ill., on Tuesday, killing two and wounding several men. The soldiers were guarding a train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad.

"PRESERVE order, but respect the rights of the people," was the pungent telegram addressed by Gov. Shelby M. Cullom to Major General Ducat, commanding the Illinois militia at Braidwood, in July 1877. Mr. Cullom's message might be acted on with good results in these troublous times.

PRETENDED friends of the strikers who attempt to interfere with the ordinary business and travel of the city should be promptly suppressed. They have no right, for the alleged benefit of the labor cause, to oppress citizens who have never done them injury.

THE Fifth District Democrats, on Tuesday, cast aside the incumbent congressman, Allan C. Durborow, and nominated in his stead State Senator Edward T. Noonan. In Durborow's case, there was a distressing lack of votes.

THE *New World* is wrong in its conclusion that THE CITIZEN would exclude from an Irish-American Lyceum, if established in this city, all but those who agree with it in Irish political matters. The editor of the *New World* would himself, without flattery, be an ornament to such a lyceum. So also would others not even as National as he is. But, in the end, all such Irishmen, growing accustomed to the light of their more thorough surroundings, would become really fit associates for men of advanced National ideas.

"CAMP COLBY."

The Seventh Regiment Stationed at Harvey, Ill.

[*To the Editor.*]

CAMP COLBY, Harvey, Ill., July 11.—Camping life may be looked on as pleasurable—even in the soldiering line. The boys of the Seventh Regiment, who are stationed here, are making the best of it, notwithstanding the scanty supply and bad quality of the bill of fare, which scarcely ever has a change. Ham (cold), dry bread, and black coffee comprise the "lay-out" of each meal;—ah, I forgot, we had soup twice. On Sunday, Sergeant Hinchey, cook, announced the pleasing item in addition to the usual "spread." The soup comprised beef bones, ham bones, bread, cabbage, and a little seasoning of salt and pepper;—that was soup No. 1. Soup No. 2 was the essence of bread. I don't know what it could be called; I should christen it bread and water (rehun augus ische.) Then the thought struck the boys: How were they to eat the soup? They had no knives, forks, spoons or plates—barely tin-cups and fingers. Some began to scoop out pieces of wood, others were so indignant at this that they preferred lapping it up with a piece of bread. Many openly expressed themselves by declaring that they were entitled to better treatment from the State for their services. Since this we have been supplied with a full quantity of tin plates and spoons, and nearly a dozen knives and forks—a very insufficient number for the "multitude."

The "boys," notwithstanding the above facts, still manage to keep up a "big heart;" all are friendly and kind to each other, all are united as one, and all obey the command of duty with a smile of willingness, whether it be in the small hours of the night while trying to sleep off the weary work of the day, or the early hours of dawn.

Leisure moments are whiled away happily. Those not on guard or other duty cluster together, tell stories, crack jokes, and, to them dearer than all, sing the old, sweet strains of their native land—songs full of love and affection—of "memories dearest."

The presence of the Seventh no doubt has a telling effect in quelling lawlessness. They don't try to excite or irritate the people; on the contrary they are civil and courteous to all whom they may from time to time come in contact with; but all know that the boys always carry with them a vigilant eye to "business."

There is no instance on record where white ribbon wearers (which are plentiful around here) said one offensive word to the soldiers. This goes to show that the claim that "union men are not accountable for law-breaking," is correct.

Major Carroll, and the other officers of his command, are doing all in their power for the welfare of the camp. Only one item displeases the men—that of medical attendance. This may be an oversight. G.

THE MOORE CELEBRATION.

[*To the Editor.*]

Following is a statement of the receipts and expenditures at the recent Moore celebration of this year:

RECEIPTS.

Door and box sale, as per Central Music Hall returns	$147.00
Exchange tickets, cash	150.00
Programme advertising	194.50
Total	$491.50

EXPENSES.

Hall rent	$150.00
Hall advertising	12.00
Newspaper and general advertising	120.50
Programme, etc	53.50
Talent	150.00
Hotel and carriages	19.50
Collection and miscellaneous expenses	37.50
Total	$543.00
	491.50
Deficit	$ 51.50
Exchange tickets outstanding	26.50
Net deficit	$ 25.00

B. CURTIS,
Treas. Moore Memorial Com.
CHICAGO, July 10, 1894.

THE ARAN SUFFERERS.

[*To the Editor.*]

ARAN ISLES, Ireland, June 30, 1894.—I desire to acknowledge through THE CITIZEN the receipt of £1 10s 9d from the following Chicago children for the relief of distress in these islands: Annie and Bessie Martin, $2.20; John and V. C. Finerty $2, and Grace Ruane $3.51. I beg you to return to the little ones, on behalf of the poor islanders, our most cordial thanks.

MICHAEL M'DONALD, C. C.

Prevention is better than cure, and you may prevent that tired feeling by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will keep your blood pure and free from acid taint and germs of disease.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK EXCURSION.

The Knights of St. Patrick have completed arrangements for their annual excursion to Kayes' Park, Lake Geneva, Wis., on Wednesday, July 25. The committee are the following gentlemen: Ald. John Powers, Ald. Thomas Gallagher, John Dadis and M. J. Carmody. The committee have spared no pains to make this excursion one of the most enjoyable ever given by the organization. The committee on games are Mort J. Scanlan, George W. Lyons and John F. Sullivan. The names of these gentlemen is a sufficient guarantee that the friends of the Knights who accompany them on that occasion will be well entertained. Special provision has been made for ladies and children unaccompanied by gentlemen. The Knights extend a cordial invitation to their many friends to join them in making this excursion a grand success. For the information of their friends the committee on arrangements beg leave to announce the following: Train leaves C. & N. W. depot at 8:45 a.m., arriving at Lake Geneva at 11:25. Returning leave Lake Geneva at 7:30 arriving in Chicago at 9:45 p.m. The Knights have chartered steam yachts to be in readiness the entire day for the accommodation of their friends who may desire to view the beautiful lake and its surroundings free of charge. Kayes' Park hotel has contracted to furnish a first-class dinner for adults at 60 cents and half fare for children. Tickets have been placed at $2, and for children between 6 and 12 years half fare.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE SIXTH SENSE.

Eleanor Kirk Gives Some Peculiar Facts In Connection With the Alleged New Mental Peculiarity.

How a Woman, by Obeying the Sixth Sense, Helped Her Husband to Gain a Lawsuit.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., July 9.—It will probably be found that the man who assassinated President Carnot was an ignorant tool in the hands of men who are determined to destroy France. That the plot is a deep-laid one, all who are acquainted with the recent history of this republic cannot doubt. There is, of course, a possibility that the murder may have no intimate connection with the secret societies which have kept Paris in terror for so long a time. It may be a Guiteau or a John Wilkes Booth incident, both of whom were doubtless lunatics of the most marked type. Still this theory of the French murder is not probable.

But what is going to be done about it? Ay, there's the rub.

Laws do not prevent crime, nor does punishment deter criminals. We have hanged them, and shot them, and cut their heads off; we have legislated and had our great standing armies, our police and our local military companies, but murder and arson and robbery are as rife as ever. For all the ages we have put violence against violence, and what has been the result? There is no need to answer this question, for the response is all about us—in America as well as in France.

To say there is no remedy for such conditions except education, is equivalent to saying that chaos is immediately in front of us, for the education of the masses is of course impossible. And chaos certainly is not far distant. The "eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth" doctrine will continue to be the one most believed in until half of the human family is laid low. Then those who are spared will find the world a very different place to live in. This is what the signs of the times reveal to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

A correspondent wishes to know what is meant by the development of the sixth sense.

The sixth sense is intuition, that inexplicable something which feels or senses things which are not revealed by the five external senses. Here is an instance in point:

A woman, very busy with her household affairs on a very hot morning not long ago, was suddenly seized with a feeling that she must leave her work, hastily dress herself and go to a dry goods store some two miles distant. She had no desire, mark you, to make this trip, and had no earthly reason for going. She had attended to all her shopping the day previous; and not five minutes before this strange impulse took possession of her, she had congratulated herself upon being well supplied with everything she needed. At last the feeling became irresistible, and she yielded to it. Upon taking her seat in the trolley car, the influence, or whatever you may call it, left her entirely, and then she commenced to think of herself as a fool, and was once on the point of stopping the car and starting for home. But she went on, and when she reached the dry goods store, walked leisurely through it from one end to the other, up stairs and down. During her second trip to the costume department she came across a woman, a very old friend, whom the law had been trying to find for several months, because of her being a very important witness in a trial which our friend's husband, a lawyer, was carrying on. The friend had just returned from a long European trip and knew nothing of the legal fight in America. She had been in town only a day or two and expected to leave in a very short time. Her testimony was secured, and the result was a victory.

There are those who call this a simple happening, and there are others who will declare that this woman was directed by spirits. I have no objection to either theory if they satisfy those who hold them. For my own part, it seems wiser to look into ourselves—our wonderful selves—for the cause of such phenomena. This woman was much interested in the progress of this suit. It was a matter of fame and money to her husband, with whom she was in perfect sympathy. She had sought this person in her mind for many weeks, and at last she found her by the aid of the subliminal self, the sixth sense, commonly called intuition. It seems a good thing to look at home for reasons instead of forever going abroad for them.

"Know thyself," is good advice, but how many follow it? From the creation of the world we have looked to others for the help and inspiration which we should have found in our own souls. We have had a great deal more respect and confidence in other people than we have had in ourselves. It is quite time that we cultivated our own gardens, and I can testify from experience that if we do, we shall be abundantly blessed.

Once more let me state that science has revealed no way for the extermination of superfluous hair upon the face of women except by means of the electric needle. This, in the hands of a conscientious operator, banishes them forever. Those who cannot afford this treatment can find relief and comfort from day to day by the use of the depilatory stone supplied by Miss Anderson, of Brooklyn, N.Y. This stone is safe, or I would not recommend it, and those who have used it testify that it does not coarsen the hair.

ELEANOR KIRK.

696 Greene avenue.

Desplaines Campmeeting.

The Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets to Desplaines, Ill., and return at greatly reduced rates, from July 18 to 31—good for return passage until Aug. 1, 1894, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, July 11.—The members of the Irish Fireside Literary club, of which the undersigned have the honor to be president and secretary respectively, desire to put themselves on record as being heartily in favor of THE CITIZEN'S suggestion for an Irish-American lyceum. In order that a beginning may be made at once and some definite steps taken, they invite all persons interested in the movement, and particularly the officers of all literary societies in this city, to attend a conference at their hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, on Sunday evening, Aug. 12, at 7:30. Correspondence on the subject is also desired, and may be forwarded to the office of the *Young Irishman* at above address. We wish to say in reference to an article in the *New World* of last week, that while we would not keep out any Irishman from the proposed lyceum, we know from experience that as far as our young men are concerned, they have no interest whatever in purchase bills, home rule bills or parliamentary commissions. "Ireland a Nation" is our object.

PATRICK F. HOLDEN, editor, JOHN J. SHERLOCK, manager *Young Ireland.*

OBITUARY.

MRS. ELIZABETH WALSH.

Mrs. Elizabeth Walsh, beloved mother of Mrs. M. G. Titus, of Chicago, and Frank and Richard Walsh, of Detroit, Mich., died at her residence, No. 196 Fourteenth avenue, Detroit, aged 84 years. Mrs. Walsh had lived in Detroit for many years, and had many friends who movrn her death.

HON. LEO P. DWYER.

The Hon. Leo P. Dwyer, ex-member of the Illinois legislature, and a gentleman well known to all the older citizens of Chicago, died at his residence, No. 178 W. Taylor street, on Tuesday, in the 60th year of his age. He leaves a widow and three sons and a daughter. Mr. Dwyer was born in Ireland and came to America early in life. He took an active part in the Fenian movement and was one of those who volunteered to fight in Ireland in 1865-7. He was a sincere and devoted patriot, and never failed to give of his means in aid of the cause he loved. He was also an admirable American citizen—a man of advanced ideas, incapable of deceit, meanness or cowardice. He was a member of Holy Family Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, and of other organizations. The funeral occurred on Thursday to the Holy Family church, thence by carriages to Calvary. THE CITIZEN feels sincere sorrow for the death of Mr. Dwyer, who was ever loyal to his friends. May he rest in peace.

BURIAL OF JAMES SULLIVAN.

The funeral of the late James Sullivan, of the *Tribune*, occurred on Saturday morning from the residence to the Holy Angels' church, where high mass of requiem was sung. Shortly after 10 o'clock the funeral cortege was formed and the remains taken to the church. The honorary pallbearers proceeded on foot and were followed by the active pallbearers, who rode in carriages and preceded the hearse. The active pallbearers were brothers of Mr. Sullivan—Jerry B., Patrick B., John B., Timothy, Michael B. and William B. Sullivan. The honorary pallbearers were: Mayor Hopkins, Sheriff Gilbert, Postmaster Hesing, Thomas Brenan, Ald. Madden, J. R. B. VanCleave, Arthur Dixon, Judge Goggin, Thomas Gahan, Thos. Byrnes, William Dillon, W. A. S. Graham, Wm. E. Lewis of the *Times*, Edward Lahiff of the *Herald*, Leigh Reilly of the *Mail*, F. P. Dunne of the *Post*, Montgomery F. Gibbs and F. A. Vanderlip of the Press club, R. W. Patterson, W. VanBenthuysen, Elias Colbert, E. J. McPhelim, John A. Corwin and J. M. Glenn, of the *Tribune*. The mourners and friends followed the hearse in carriages. A large number of prominent citizens, with their families, were present. The mortuary sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, who did ample justice to the characteristics of the deceased, who was his personal friend. A very large cortege escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest.

MRS. CATHERINE CAHALAN.

On the night of June 26, Mrs. Catherine Cahalan, an aged and respected lady, died at her residence at No. 2316 Fourth avenue. For over two years the deceased had been troubled with inflammation of the stomach, but was not confined to her bed until two months ago. Since the time she took to her bed the disease with which she was afflicted grew worse until her death. She was born in Fehonagh, county Limerick, was the daughter of William Kenny and Ellen Reidy, and was 57 years old when death called her. She was a most exemplary Christian woman, and had the sincere respect of all who knew her. The last sad rites over the remains of Mrs. Cahalan were held at St. Paul's Catholic church this morning at 10 o'clock. A requiem high mass was sung by the parish clergymen of the deceased amid the general sorrow of a large concourse of friends who had assembled in the church to pay a last tribute at the bier of a noble woman and true friend. After the religious exercises, Rev. Father O'Reilly spoke of the life of the good woman who was gone, and reminded his hearers of the certainty of death overtaking even the strongest. The patience and Christian spirit with which the deceased bore the sufferings of the past two years of an invalid life, he cited as instances of her rare piety and humility. In the death of Mrs. Cahalan, Birmingham loses one of the first ladies who made the then village of Birmingham her home. Along with a few other families, she and her husband Michael Cahalan, who preceded her from this world by a number of years, gave their energies and minds toward uplifting and helping both in a spiritual and material sense their fellow men and women, and not until the day of her death did this good woman relax in her Christian efforts. To mourn a fond mother are left five children who have the sympathy of the community in their sad bereavement: John J., Misses Mary A., Kate C., Margaret and Frank Cahalan.—*Birmingham, (Ala.) Age-Herald, June 29.*

MRS. CATHERINE NELSON.

The funeral obsequies over the remains of the late Mrs. Catherine Nelson, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Nelson, took place Saturday morning last. The relics were conveyed from her late residence, No. 3516 Wabash avenue, to St. Elizabeth's church, where solemn requiem mass was sung, Rev. Father Dunn as celebrant, Rev. Father Croak as deacon, and Rev. Father McGavick as subdeacon. The choir quartette rendered appropriate music for the solemn occasion. After the mass Rev. Father McGuire, pastor of St. James' church, preached the funeral sermon, and during its delivery many in the large congregation were deeply affected. He pointed out the uncertainty of life, the absolute necessity of preparation for the life to come by close observance of the duties set forth in the holy Catholic church and through constant prayer as the medium of divine grace. The Rev. Father paid a glowing tribute to the Christian character of the deceased. Many years ago left a widow with five children, she gave them all not only an excellent university education, but implanted in their young hearts their duties as Catholics, and the virtues and blessings which follow as a result of the daily communion of God's holy church. The deceased fought the battle of life with a truly Christian woman's character. She has closed the book of life and bound it with a golden clasp, and her reward will be a blessed inheritance. At the close of the religious ceremonies the funeral cortege was reformed and the remains conveyed to Calvary cemetery, where, after prayers, they were quietly laid to rest. Mrs. Nelson was a native of West Meath, Ireland, and was born Dec. 23, 1832. She came to Chicago over forty-six years ago. She had been sick nearly six months, so that her death was not unexpected. She leaves behind her four sons and one daughter, all in good circumstances and well known in the city. The pallbearers were Wm. M. Devine, H. D. Plamondon, Judge Richard Clifford, P. H. Lenneen, W. J. Bulger, Philip Ready, E. Baggott and Andrew Cummings. The funeral was very large and embraced many prominent and wealthy citizens.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

[The following poem is considered a literary gem. The original is found in an Irish MS in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of King Diarmid about the year 554, and was sung or chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains and bards ever held in the famous halls of Tara. The translation is by the learned Dr. O'Donovan.]

Like a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had,
Even such is man, whose thread is spun.
Drawn out and out and so is done.

The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here today,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan.*
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life or death.

The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in the weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream,
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.

The bubble's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning in the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like snow when summer's gone,
Or like a pear or like a plum,
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day and dies tomorrow.

The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

*The poetical legend that the swan sings as it is dying.

Low Rates to Colorado.

On July 21 and 22 the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs and return at exceedingly low rates; tickets good for return passage until August 20, inclusive. Solid vestibuled trains, palace sleeping cars and superb dining cars through between Chicago and Denver daily, via Chicago & Northwestern Railway. For detailed information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

RONDEAU.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Let us be friends since we can be no more,
No nearer to each other; love is o'er
Love's happy dream is ended and the old
Sad musings have enwound me; from their fold
I give my hand as kindly as before.

The radiant glow thy presence once did pour
Into my rushing thought whose eagle-soar
Sought heaven, now is gone; though love be cold.
Let us be friends.

Joy still shall beckon at its open door
To you but not to me; love's psychic lore
May yet entrance you but its cup will hold
For me a sharp regret, a tale half-told;
Yet though we cannot meet now as of yore,
Let us be friends.

THE "SENCHUS MOR."

The Ancient Law Book of Ireland—There Was No Tyranny, No Oppression of the Masses for the Benefit of the Classes.

There is scarcely any country of modern Europe that has such an ancient legislature as Ireland. When other nations were sleeping in idolatry, and when great barbarian hordes swooped down on and destroyed the great Roman civilization, Ireland rested quietly on the broad face of the Atlantic, possessing all the advantages of a civilization and legislature in many respects as great as those of our nineteenth century. When the Apostle of Ireland came to her shores he had not to contend against barbarian tribes or uncivilized inhabitants; he had not to root out all the concomitant vices of semi-barbarism. No! when St. Patrick as a missionary landed on the Irish coast he found a people flourishing under the guidance of wise legislators (the Brehons), who labored with persevering zeal for the better guidance of national affairs. Though Druidism was the religion of those pagan days, Ireland had the most noble form of it. The people worshopped the sun, moon, and stars, and some authors tell us that they had some knowledge of the existence of a Supreme Deity. Though Ireland had several petty kings, each having almost absolute power in his own dominions, and at liberty to make such laws as he deemed expedient for the more thorough distribution of justice, yet all were subject to the national laws contained in the "Senchus Mor." On account of many pagan rites contained in this work St. Patrick, after having converted the greater part of the country, found it necessary to revise the work, thereby rejecting those portions which had relation to the offering of pagan sacrifice, and substitute for them the infinitely superior rites of the Christian church. For this reason the work was afterwards called "Cain Patraic," or Patrick's Law.

As regards the time when the "Senchus Mor" was compiled, we have strong reasons to assert that it must have been written under the reign of Laeghaire, son of King Niall, when the then known world was ruled by Theodoris the Younger. "The age of Christ 438," says the "Four Masters," "the tenth year of Laeghaire, the 'Senchus,' and 'Teinechus' of Ireland were purified and written. It must be remembered that this purification and publication of the laws was nothing more than what was necessary to have the laws in conformity with the Christian church, for we are told that the "Senchus Mor" as a law book existed before the coming of St. Patrick. Some writers are of opinion that the "Senchus Mor" was not only a compilation of laws, but that it also contained historic records. There are, however, strong reasons for supposing that it was exclusively a law book, and since historic matters were attended to by a different class, it seems more probable that both were not mixed up in one book.

In the administration of justice at this early date it is a very notable fact that many of the laws contained in the "Senchus Mor" display more skill and judgment than many laws existing at the present day. There was no tyranny, no oppression of the masses for the benefit of the classes. Humanity, in their estimation, was humanity; a principle thoroughly manifest in their legislature. Nor was this the result of the introduction of Christianity; it is to be sought for in the nobleness of soul characteristic of the race even when they were yet sleeping in the shades of idolatry. When the light of the Gospel spread over the land the "Senchus Mor" become the "Cain Patraic," and the grandeur of truth became amalgamated with the wise productions of Druidical legislators. The "Four Masters" tell us that St. Patrick in revising and purifying the laws at Tara was assisted by nine illustrious men—namely, Laeghaire, King of Ireland; Core and Daire, two other kings; Patrick, Bener and Carion-each, three saints, with the antiquaries Ross, Dubhthach and Feargus. The "Senchus Mor" includes, besides a system of criminal law, in which every species of crime is defined and allotted its special punishment, a summary of laws of contracts which with the greatest exactness and justice define and promulgate the various kinds of contracts which appertain to right and duties. The law of Ranks in society deserves special notice, because of the different grades of society that then existed, and of the manner in which justice was shown to the lowest and most humble, as well as to the highest and most exalted. Our space does not permit of a full account of the various laws of the nation; we must, therefore, be content by saying that among the nations of Europe there was no people who possessed such a grand and honest code of laws as the Irish.

The old Brehon code continued unbroken until the strength of the Irish chieftains was forever broken under the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Henry II in the twelfth century attempted to introduce the English laws, but his efforts were futile outside the limits of the English Pale. Despite the ravages of the usurper, the Brehons still administered justice with an unerring prudence, while the Anglo-Irish recognized in the Brehon laws a more suitable legislature than their English lords afforded them until they were prevented doing so by the parliament of Kilkenny. Were the old Brehon laws followed by just enactments? No! instead of justice and equality came persecution and penal laws.—*Weekly Independent.*

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Comic opera continues to attract the amusement seeking public to the Schiller Theatre. "Dorothy" has made a great success. It will be followed next week, commencing Sunday evening, with "Clover," an opera which has always been immensely popular. It is one of those pronounced successes of Von Suppe, and he has given to its music a brightness, color and melodious effect which has made it world renowned.

The management of the Schiller has arranged for an interesting novelty during the week of this opera, in the shape of a splendid offer to suburban patrons of the theatre. A box containing eight seats; six parquet seats; four parquet seats, and two parquet seats, will be sent to the persons respectively who send enclosed to the box office of the Schiller Theatre, the largest number of four leaved clovers.

TEA-DRINKING IN IRELAND.

[*New York Irish-American, July 2.*]

According to the rules and statistics of political economy, it would appear that tea-drinking in Ireland is engendering a vice that seems to be more far-reaching in its bad effects than even the old-time whisky-drinking that, according to our English censors, was inseparable from the Irish character. As the grand reformatory movement of Father Mathew demonstrated, the English indictment of our race, as irredeemable intemperates, was a gross libel, designed for political effect; for no people so enthusiastically sustained the great "Temperance Movement," of sixty years ago—started by the simple, pious Irish Friar—as did the Irish, everywhere; and here in the United States the good accomplished by the distinctively *Irish* "Father Mathew" and "Total Abstinence" societies was in marked contrast to the moral failure of the fanatical "Prohibition" organizations, got up for American political effect.

But it appears that the Irish people are threatened with another form of intemperance, the effects of which—if they are correctly stated—are of serious moment. In the English house of commons, on June 27, Mr. Stanley Leighton asked Mr. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland, if the government had given any attention to a special report showing the increase of insanity in Ireland, which the medical authorities attributed to the habit of tea-drinking. Mr. Morley said he had seen the report, which alleged that the affliction was due to excessive use of "infused tea," which led to despondency, restlessness and insomnia, and finally resulted in insanity. Mr. Leighton asked: "Then why not increase the duty on tea?" Mr. Morley said it could hardly be expected that the government, upon a conjectural statement, could increase the duty; and on being asked if a somewhat similar evil was not being developed in Scotland among the unemployed, destitute working classes there, the Irish Secretary replied that he could not answer for Scotland, as his duties obliged him to confine his attention wholly to Ireland. Whereat, the dispatches inform us, the Tory squires in the house indulged in a loud *guffaw* of laughter—the idea of an "Irish Chief Secretary," appointed by a London government, taking any interest in Irish affairs—except as related to providing fat "berths" for his friends—was too much for their risibilities.

Nevertheless, Mr. Morley has been doing good work for the Irish people, in their social relations; and, in looking into this matter, he may, perhaps, get at the root of a previously unobserved evil that, by those indirect connections that prevail so universally in Ireland, affect, in their ultimate results, every class in the community. Some years ago, the writer, in traveling through Ireland, made a short stay with a friend who farmed between two and three hundred acres of land, and in the harvest season was wont to employ a large number of men. In the big kitchen of the old-fashioned farm house a "dresser" occupied half the wall-space—from floor to roof—on the upper shelves of which used to be ranged dishes and platters of pewter, burnished till they shone like silver, while on the lower benches reposed rows of "piggins" made of oak and ash and beech staves, bound with hoops of willow, scoured and burnished every day, to the whiteness of the milk the vessels were designed to contain. The returned American noticed that the "piggins" had disappeared, and their places had been taken by a miscellaneous collection of crockery bowls and teacups. On inquiring for the reason of the change, the *Banshee* said with a sigh: "There isn't a 'piggin' left in the county now. We have to give the harvesters tea, instead of milk, with every meal, and our own people have got the habit from them and don't want milk any more. They got the habit in England, I suppose, and we have to feed our milk now to the calves and the pigs or let it go to waste."

The hygienic difference of an excessive tea diet on the Caucasian race is a matter with which medical scientists alone are competent to deal. But no close observer can fail to note that the stalwart Irish agriculturists of the early part of the present century were, in physique and power of endurance, far ahead of their successors of the present day; and while we do not take the extreme view of the English mentalists in this matter, we think that the changes in the habits of our people at home—forced on them by artificially created poverty—have been decidedly inimical to the development of the race.

PERSONAL.

Dr. T. F. O'Malley left last Sunday evening for New York, whence he will sail next Wednesday on the Majestic for Ireland and the continent of Europe. A host of friends saw him off and many others would have joined in the adieu if they had known of his departure. He will first "do" Ireland—North, South, East and West—and then make a short trip through England and northern Europe. His thousands of friends wish him bon voyage.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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WHY DID WE MARRY?

Why did we marry—you and I?
Ah, me! why did we? In our youth
I vowed I loved, and your reply,
Heart sung, yet silent, seemed the truth.

Beside our love's now swelling tone
How faint was that first throb, dear heart!
It was a babe that since has grown
Big as the world of which we're part.

Aye, bigger yet, like paradise.
For when you fold me to your breast,
Or I drink deep from your dear eyes,
The world's forgot, with all the rest.

Give more, dear nobler half! I thirst
For all the love you once kept hid.
What if we did not love at first?
Thank God, sweet wife, we thought we did.
—Julian Ralph in McClure's Magazine.

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

DEAREST SYDNEY—I must see you at once. I had another frightful scene with father this morning. He got into a terrible passion simply because I happened to mention your name in the most innocent way. He actually wanted me to promise never to see you again. When I refused, his rage was simply awful. I am sure he is going mad. I have not been allowed to leave my bedroom all day. Isn't it too absurd? But I cannot endure this tyranny any longer. I have quite made up my mind to leave him. I shall go and live with Aunt Mary, who has often promised me a home. I must see you first, however, and this is my plan. All the fearful strain and worry about you with father has made me so irritable and uncertain tempered lately that he is sure there is something wrong with me, and I am to go tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock to see Dr. Keith-Jefferies, the great nerve doctor. Father says he shall drive me there himself and call for me again in about an hour. This is to make sure that I hold no communication with you. Did you ever hear anything so childish? It serves him right to hoist him with his own petard, so you must be in the doctor's waiting room at a little before 11, and then we can have three-quarters of an hour's quiet conversation. My maid, who is a very good girl and who is to accompany me to my Aunt Mary's, is to post this. Yours ever,

SYLVIA BULPETT.

P. S.—Keith-Jefferies' address is No. — Harley street. Don't be late.

This was Sydney's first glimpse of the tragedy of life in the shape of parental barbarism. It overcame him for a moment. "My poor Sylvia," he murmured. Then he pulled out his watch. Nine twenty-seven. He swallowed a cup of scalding coffee, without milk and sugar, and looked at his watch again. Nine twenty-eight. "The old brute!" he muttered, walking up and down the room. "I always said it would come to this. I should like to"— Out came the watch once more. Nine twenty-nine. He seized his hat and rushed from the room.

The hat was a concession to custom, but the morning was warm. It was much too soon to go to her, so he ran three times to and from the park to quiet his nerves. Then he slackened his pace and fell to reviewing the position more calmly.

"After all, it's perhaps the best thing that could happen," was his conclusion. "Aunt Mary is not friendly with the old wretch. Aunt Mary will help me. We will be married from Aunt Mary's. I suppose I shall have to arrange the running away, and it will be good fun, for old Bulpett would show fight if we came across him. He would gratify his bloodthirsty instincts and shoot me like a dog. What should I do? I could not strike her father."

He proceeded to develop the situation in various ways and succeeded in creating for himself a very fine role indeed in which he should be the maiden's savior from a brutal parent's rage and at the same time spare the old man's gray hairs. At 10:30 he hastened to the great doctor's and rang the bell. A man servant, presenting the usual combination of butler and undertaker, opened the door.

"Have you an appointment, sir?"

"No, I must take my chance."

"I am afraid you will have to wait some time, sir. There are already a good many here."

"It doesn't matter. I am in no hurry," replied Sydney incoherently. He was shown into the waiting room, where a dozen or so fellow creatures were collected. Most of them were young ladies, for Dr. Keith-Jefferies was a favorite with the sex, and they all had that air of dreary self absorption peculiar to the self centered invalid. They turned cold, listless glances upon the newcomer and then resumed their reflections upon their own real or fancied ailments, masked by an unread Punch or a Nineteenth Century held before their faces.

"Oh, it is so annoying," said one vivacious lady, obviously a malade imaginaire, "and it always happens. I forget all the most serious symptoms the moment I get into the doctor's consulting room. This time I have written them all out on a sheet of paper. Dear, dear! Which pocket did I— Oh, how very unfortunate! I have left it on my dressing table. I thought I must see it there. How extremely irritating."

The door opened, and the undertaker crooked a ghostly finger in her direction. She arose and rustled out, giddily murmuring that it was really too provoking. And the others smiled bitterly a smile which plainly said, "There's nothing the matter with that old goose, but she will keep Dr. Jefferies a terrible time."

But in less than five minutes she reappeared, pale and tearful, with one hand pressed against her side, bleating to her astonished friend: "Oh, take me away, dear, take me away! Oh, it is dreadful, though I have always suspected it from the first!" A deeper gloom settled upon the remaining patients, and Sydney could not repress a glow of satisfaction as he reflected upon his own excellent health.

Presently Sylvia glided in, looking the picture of health and spirits. She was very young, almost too young to be a martyr to the sorrows she described to Sydney as they took possession of a remote window embrasure. She told him that she really could not bear it. Her resolution was unshaken. She had written to her Aunt Mary to expect her that night. Sydney must have a carriage at the garden gate at 9 o'clock in the evening, when she and her aunt would be waiting. Her stern parent would by this time, she surmised, have dined "not wisely, but too well," and would be in no condition to detect their flight. They were then to drive to Paddington and catch the last train for Exeter, where Aunt Mary lived.

So far Sylvia, who was a clear headed, managing young lady, had arranged, and her plan of campaign seemed to Sydney quite excellent. He promised readily to fulfill his share of the business and then took occasion to urge that as he was both able and anxious to prepare a home for her the sojourn at her aunt's need be only a temporary one.

Sylvia listened, reflected and shook her head. "One thing at once," said she wisely. "When I am safe at Aunt Mary's, there will be time to talk about the future. Don't forget, 9 o'clock this evening. I depend upon you. Oh, I must go! The doctor is at liberty." And at the funereal beck of the undertaker she vanished.

Sydney was left in the waiting room, but his excitement and ecstasy were such that he could scarcely behave with sobriety. A golden future lay before him; his pulses throbbed as if to music; he dreamed rose colored dreams.

The undertaker coming to summon the dreamer to the doctor's presence had to touch him on the shoulder before he took any notice, and even then he followed quite mechanically, muttering and smiling to himself in a quasi idiotic way.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

A grave, clean shaven, keen looking man sitting at a desk was eying him with the closest observation, and it dawned upon him that he was in for a serious consultation—he who had never had a day's illness in his life! He had intended to give the undertaker half a crown and to depart as he had come, but he had put it off until too late.

Here was a preposterous dilemma. The doctor, who seemed to be in a great hurry, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue and sounded him with a stethoscope before he had in any way recovered his self command.

"What excuse shall I make?" Sydney asked himself meanwhile. "What excuse shall I make when he finds there is nothing the matter with me?"

To his surprise, the doctor, having finished his examination, sat down at his desk to write a prescription, looking very grave indeed and trying not to meet his patient's eye.

"Your heart is all wrong," he said gloomily. "You must be very careful. No excitement, mind; no violent exertion. Light diet—chop, fish, weak brandy and water, no wine, no beer, no smoke. Take this three times a day and come to see me again in a week. I'm afraid it's all over with you. Good morning, good morning."

Sydney was in the sunlit street again, and the tide of London life roared around as before. But to him everything was changed. He stood a stranger in a city he had never seen.

"Heart disease—I've got heart disease," he repeated to himself stupidly. "It's all over with me. He needn't have put it in that brutal way. Oh, bosh! There must be some mistake. The man's an infernal charlatan. I'll take no notice of him." But a moment afterward he was painfully calling to memory every word of the interview, every tone, every look, and weighing them with anxious deliberation. He could see nothing but the greatest concentration and seriousness in the doctor's demeanor—no trifling, no nonsense. He evidently knew what he was talking about, and he had condemned a man to death. Perhaps it was only the mistaken brusqueness of extreme sympathy.

"No excitement, no wine, no beer, no smoke, no nothing," he muttered. "Why the thing's impossible—it's a nightmare. I shall wake soon. I was all right when I went into his accursed consulting room, or at least I thought I was."

And then he recollected having heard that people who had heart disease were often the last to know of their state, and he remembered, too, that he had been troubled more than once with a curious feeling in the left side. At that very moment a sharp pain went through him like a knife.

"The doctor is right enough," he muttered. "I'm very bad. I feel it now. I'll go and get this stuff made up at once. No excitement! If I get excited, I suppose I shall fall down dead. But how am I to get over tonight without excitement? If I happen to die just as I am handing Sylvia into the carriage, there will be a frightful scandal. However, I must risk that. She must be taken out of the clutches of that old brute of a father of hers at all hazards. And then I must say goodby to her forever—if I survive—for it's clear that I can't marry her now with one foot—perhaps both feet—in the grave."

He had his medicine made up and took a dose. But what could medicine do in a serious case like this? He was too far gone. He had no doubt it was only colored water, prescribed for the sake of soothing him, as if he were a child. But he would look the thing in the face and set his house to order. He went to a livery stable and ordered a carriage to call for him at 8 o'clock in the evening. Then he posted off to his solicitor:

"Can you make my will—now—directly—this very moment—right off—on the spot?"

"Most decidedly I can," replied the lawyer, becoming professional at once and pulling a sheet of fair, white foolscap from his desk. Then he looked hard at Sydney, whom the hours of mental misery had changed considerably.

"There's nothing wrong," blurted out Sydney, "but I want it out of the way once for all. I should like to have it signed and finished by 2 o'clock if possible."

"That is in two hours," remarked the lawyer, looking at his watch. "Yes, we can manage that, providing it isn't very long, and still go to Lord's afterward."

And he began to write. "You're not going to die, old man. Never fear. You'll cheat the devil yet a bit and have many another lark with me."

The will was finished by 1:30 and deposited in the safe. They shook hands, and Sydney said wearily: "You'll excuse me not lunching with you today, won't you? I don't seem to have any appetite. And you'll excuse my silence, too, for the present. You'll know all there is to know pretty soon, I expect." And he sidled out of the door without looking back.

"I wonder what's up?" muttered the lawyer as he went back to his desk. "He certainly looks very ill. Some entanglement? Half his property to Sylvia Bulpett, who will have plenty of her own when the old curmudgeon of a father of hers dies. I shall know pretty soon, shall I? Poor old Cartwright!"

"In the midst of life we are in death," muttered Sydney as he strolled through Lincoln's Inn Fields, with the carefully regulated step of an invalid. He wished the sun would not shine so brightly and the children scream so loud. It affected his nerves. Sydney had nerves now. He wanted only to hide away and die in peace. Was there anything left to do? Stay! He thought it would be the proper thing to say goodby to his elder brother, whom he theoretically hated, but who was the only near relation he possessed. To his brother's grim offices in East India avenue Sydney now slowly betook himself.

"I'm 'fey,'" he thought, with a wan smile. "He'll think I've come to beg of him."

The prosperous merchant was engaged, but would be at liberty in a few minutes. Sydney sat in the outer office watching the half dozen busy clerks. Not seldom he had blessed his stars that he was not a clerk. At this moment he would have changed places gladly with the very junior, who was copying letters and solacing himself meantime with a surreptitious acid drop. He had at least a future.

Suddenly the door opened, and the merchant came forward.

"Very sorry, Syd," he remarked. "The fact is I've got three or four men in my room wrangling over some syndicate business, and they may be ever so long."

"It doesn't matter in the least," exclaimed Sydney, much relieved. "I had really nothing to say. I only called as I was going by to ask how you were."

The merchant stared. He was not used to these little attentions.

"I may be going for a journey—a longish journey—before long. I don't know yet," remarked Sydney.

"Rather sudden, eh?" replied his brother. "Where are you going?"

"That's just what isn't settled yet," observed Sydney, with a faint smile. "Nothing is decided. But you needn't be surprised if you hear—I'm gone. I may have to go all in a minute at last. Remember me at home, will you? There's a sovereign I've been going to give to little Sydney for the last two months. Do you mind taking it? Goodby."

He rushed away, feeling he had made an ass of himself. But soon they would know the reason of his altered demeanor and make allowances for him. He returned to his chambers. "His" chambers! He had just taken them for another year. A month would probably have been quite long enough.

He heaved a sigh and looked mechanically in the box for letters. There was the brown envelope of a telegram, and his heart beat wildly, dangerously, ominously. He must really cultivate calmness.

"Everything changed. Cancel all arrangements. Come at once to Sylvia."

The room swam round him, and the windows waltzed madly for a few seconds. Then, instead of dying, as he expected, he found himself pretty well.

What had happened to change everything? Was Sylvia's father dead? Had she met with an accident? The thought of this last possibility had made his heart beat dangerously again. In half a minute, quite forgetful of heart disease, he was driving as fast as a hansom could take him toward Mr. Bulpett's house in Hampstead.

There all was commotion; the very footman who opened the door was in tears. "Old Bulpett's not dead, then," was Sydney's immediate deduction.

"Who is dead?" asked Sydney of a blubbering maidservant.

"Neither of them yet, sir," replied she, and so hardened was Sydney to mortuary reflections that her remark seemed quite natural. "Here comes poor master."

Sydney's heart jumped, as it always did at sight of his tyrant.

"Forgive me, my boy; I've done you injustice," sobbed the old gentleman. "It was all pride—all infernal pride. I'm a dying man, and I beg you to forgive me."

"Where is Sylvia? Is she well?" exclaimed Sydney.

Bulpett burst into tears. "She's very ill, very ill—dying, too, we are afraid," he exclaimed, "and that's why I want you to forgive me. I never really disliked you. I'd rather have seen her marry you than anybody else. But you were too independent, and I meant to have you on your knees before I—but there, what does it all matter now?"

"Ill?" gasped Sydney. "Since when? What has happened?"

Mr. Bulpett drew him into the reception room, and then, mastering his grief somewhat, poured out his tale. "She went to see a great doctor this morning for what she thought a mere nervous ailment, and I allowed myself to be examined, too, as I was there. My boy, I have not a year to live!"

"And Sylvia?" cried Sydney impatiently.

"Sylvia! Oh, Sylvia is in the last stages of consumption and cannot last six months—half a lung. You have come to a house of mourning indeed."

It was as well that old Bulpett should mourn for himself—nobody else would but Sylvia, the bright, the beautiful——

Sydney sank back upon a sofa and buried his face in his hands. He was incapable of thought, and he felt nothing but a burning desire to see her again—to be with her, if only for a moment.

"May I—can I—will she"—he began confusedly, but he was interrupted by an imperious peal of the bell.

"Here he is at last," cried the agonized father. "I sent for our little doctor—Dr. Eliot—directly we got home, but he was out. I have been expecting him these two hours."

"Your message was urgent," he said to Mr. Bulpett. "I am sorry I have been delayed so long, but I was called away to a most extraordinary case. My distinguished confrere, Dr. Keith-Jefferies, was brought home from Harley street a couple of hours ago, having attempted to committ suicide in a sudden access of mania. He has been very odd for some time. It appears that he has been sentencing his patients to death for days."

"Keith-Jefferies?" exclaimed Mr. Bulpett to the doctor's boundless astonishment. "Why, that's the very man! Mad? Why, that explains everything! Doctor, that fellow has nearly frightened us all out of our wits. Look at me, doctor. Do I look like a man in the last stages of disease? I shall live to"—

"Plague every one yet," subjoined the little doctor, who knew him of old, as he was led to see Sylvia up stairs, where she was sitting crying, her pretty head buried in her knees, rocking herself to and fro.

Sydney had taken a piece of paper from his pocket and was tearing it into minute pieces. It was the prescription which has cost him a couple of guineas a few hours before.

There was a brief interval, and then the door slowly opened, and Sylvia stole into the room, half laughing, half crying. "I have come to tell you, darling, that Dr. Eliot says there is nothing whatever the matter with either me—or papa," she cried, and then, starting back: "Why, Sydney, you look 10 years older than when I saw you this morning, and, I declare, your hair has turned gray. And all on my account! My poor darling!"—H. E. Clark in Black and White.

Only Human Nature.

An incident occurred a day or two ago in a dressmaking establishment not far from Fourth and Market which afforded no end of amusement among a bevy of seamstresses, while, on the other hand, a bride to be, her mother and sister were completely crushed and left the place in disgust. And the bride elect caused it all. The mission of the mother and two daughters was to inspect the wedding gown and have the garment fitted. The one to wear it put it on and for 30 minutes posed in front of the mirrors, admiring herself and being complimented in extravagant terms by the mother and sister. The gown was pronounced just too sweet for anything. "Oh, my, isn't it lovely?" enthusiastically exclaimed the wearer, following with the remark, "Madam ——, if you had some one of my type of beauty and form like my own, I would be delighted to see how I will look when I become a bride tomorrow night."

The modiste gave a wink, and her assistant hurried up stairs and returned with one of the sewing girls, a blond with a pretty face and faultless form. It did not require long for her to attire herself in the bridal costume. When she reappeared, she looked like a queen. Hardly a word was spoken. The modiste and her assistant, including others in the room, went into raptures over her beauty and how exquisite she looked, but the mother and two daughters said not a word. The sewing girl's charms had overshadowed the bride's. The modiste's bill was paid, the marriage is now over, and the papers, in compliance with the time honored custom, told how beautiful the bride looked.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sugar.

Sugar, the modern commodity, which we class among the indispensable necessaries, was wholly unknown to the ancient nations. The word "saccharum" occurs but once in the Latin translation of the Bible, and the equivalent for our word "sugar" is first used by Pliny, whose writings are almost contemporaneous with the ministry of Christ. He calls it "honey collected in (from) reeds" and says that the Romans first became acquainted with its use in Arabia Felix.

Statius, in his account of the old Saturnalia ceremonies, mentions "vegetable honey" as being used and winds up his account by saying that "this same honey is boiled from Elosian reeds."

Dioscorides, the Greek physician who flourished in the first or second century of the Christian era and whose great work, "De Materia Medica," treats of all the then known medicinal substances and their properties, says that "the name of sugar has been given to the honey which is produced by reeds without bees," and Strabo, writing concerning it, says, "They (the people of Arabia Felix) make honey without bees from reeds, and it sometimes resembles salt."—St. Louis Republic.

Ancient Salads.

The lettuce was deemed by the ancients the food of the dead, because when Adonis, the beloved of Venus, was mortally wounded by a wild boar the weeping goddess laid him upon a bed of soft and tender lettuces, whose milky juice possesses soothing and narcotic qualities. Lettuces were eaten by the ancients at the close of their repasts, as from their cooling qualities they were considered antidotes to the heating effects of wine.

The bitter herbs which the Jews ate at the passover were wild lettuce, succory, tansy, camomile and dent-delion, and this same race are the inventors of the salad compounded of oil, vinegar, sugar, salt and mustard to render the bitter herbs palatable. The Irish two centuries ago made their salads of sorrel, wood sorrel and beet chopped with vinegar, beer and a little sugar, but no oil, salt or mustard. Readers of classic history will remember how a lettuce caused the cruel death of Cambyses, king of Persia and Media, and of his consort, who was also his sister.—Vegetarian.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

FOR GOOD HEALTH.

Suggestions as to the Uses and Luxury of the Daily Baths In Summer Weather.

Every 24 hours the human body loses an amount of heat by radiation from the surface during perspiration. But, contrary to what might seem probable at first thought, this loss is oftener advantageous than otherwise.

In this way an escape pipe, so to speak, is provided for the human mechanism, and just as the escape pipe of a steam engine is self regulating, so fortunately the radiation of the heat from the surface of the body is under the control of the nervous system.

When the fact is made apparent to the nerve centers that the temperature of the body is getting too high, notice is immediately sent along the nerves to open wider the blood vessels at the surface of the body, with the result that the blood flows nearer the surface, the sweat glands are stimulated to increased action, more water is excreted by them, and with the water goes off the heat.

Since it is by this means largely that the superfluous heat of the body in health as well as in disease is got rid of, it is clearly very important, especially at this time of the year, that the pores of the skin should never be allowed to become clogged.

With the increased amount of dust in the atmosphere and its natural propensity for adhering to the perspiring body the daily bath becomes more of a necessity during the summer months than at any other time of the year. One should take great care, however, that the bodily temperature is reduced as nearly as possible to normal before the bath is taken. If the temperature be somewhat high and the body perspiring freely, the danger of taking cold will be increased by reason of the sudden congestion of the blood in the dilated vessels at the surface of the body.

Much of the advantage to be derived from sea bathing will be lost unless the crusts of salt that form in the pores of the skin on the evaporation of the water are removed by subsequent brisk toweling or fresh water sponging.

Not only is the perspiration an efficient means of removing superfluous heat, but by this same channel go out many of the waste products of the body. These waste products are always relatively increased in the summer months, and so it is doubly important that during this trying season we should keep the skin in a healthy and cleanly condition.—Youth's Companion.

PRINTING SPEECHES.

Members of the Present Congress Have Broken the Record In This Respect.

There is one industry which is not in the least affected by the hard times. This is The Record division of the government printing office, which has charge of printing congressional speeches for distribution. There has never been a congress when the presses were worked so incessantly for this purpose. Already over 5,000,000 speeches have been sent out over the country under congressional franks, and the number is piling up daily until by the close of the session it is expected that it will far exceed any record which has hitherto been made. Tom Johnson alone gave an order for 1,000,000 copies of his speech on the income tax in the tariff bill. He leads the record.

But in the number of speeches ordered by other congressmen Burrows heads the list. Over 800,000 copies of his tariff speech have been issued, and he has taken very few himself. Most of them have been sent to western farming constituencies by Republican representatives. Reed's speech at the close of the tariff debate is not printed by the government printing office, but by one of the private concerns in Washington, and this has just about equaled that of Burrows. There is a great demand for Wilson's speech on the Democratic side, and tens of thousands of copies of the speech of Crisp have also been sent out. In the senate 20,000 copies of Senator Lodge's speech have gone out, many senators franking them to the college students in their states. Senator Morrill's speech is also in great demand, and the first speech delivered by Senator Hoar has gained a wide circulation. The efforts of Voorhees and Mills, which opened and closed respectively the general debate in the senate, have been circulated almost as widely by Republicans as by Democrats.—Boston Advertiser.

"Bissell" Postoffices.

There is now a "Bissell" postoffice in nearly every state in the Union. When Mr. Bissell was appointed postmaster general, not a single postoffice in the country was honored by the name of "Bissell." Mr. Bissell has since corrected this singular omission on the part of former postmaster generals, and when The Postal Guide was printed last December had already added an even dozen "Bissells" to the postoffice nomenclature of the country. He has been steadily progressing ever since, and there are now probably between 20 and 25 postoffices so designated. In some cases the naming of a postoffice after the postmaster general is pure sycophantry. Oftener, however, the name is suggested by the department in cases where there is any difficulty over the selection of a proper title for an office. In The Postal Guide printed last December there are 29 "Clevelands" and 19 "Grovers." The "Bissell" offices will eventually outnumber all others.—Indianapolis Journal.

Lambs at the Bargain Counter.

The sale of live lambs at a department store in Lexington street Saturday was a novelty to shoppers. The lambs were not as gentle as the little one that belonged to Mary, and some amusing scenes were caused by the animals struggling to release themselves from their purchasers. Those who bought the lambs were required to take them away themselves. Ladies, who were the principal buyers, managed to do this by grasping the little creatures in both arms. Nearly every one of the lambs, it is said, was bought to be kept as a pet.—Baltimore Sun.

THE OLD SONGS.

Whatever the Vogue of a Style In Music They Never Lose Favor.

It was a hotel parlor; a brilliant pianist had just rendered one of Wagner's most difficult pieces, and a murmur of well bred applause followed. Then very softly and tenderly, like a sweetly tremulous old voice reciting pathetic memories, the ivory keys sent the plaintive melody of "Auld Lang Syne" sighing through the room. The idle chatter ceased, every mind was busy with bitter sweet memories, and the air was full of the scent of vanished clover, the warm fragrance of newly tossed hay, the echo of babbling brooks. The simple tune knocked at the door of every heart, and the ghosts of dead days came trooping forth in answer.

A stout dame on the musician's left looked away through the open window, beyond the moon flooded hills, and a sigh scintillated the jet upon her ample bosom. She had gone back to a summer eve years ago and was dressed in a faded pink calico and flapping sunbonnet again. Her bare toes sank deep in the yellow dust of the country road as she drove the cows home through the lonely, cool shadows. John Edward, freckled faced and honest eyed, came sheepishly out of the woods and joined her, and the cows were late that night, for what has young love to do with time?

A dignified old gentleman beside her blew his nose and incidentally wiped his eyes. He was thinking of the morning when he went out to seek his fortune and turned under the windy orchard trees to a wave of last farewell to a mother, who stood in the door with her check apron to her eyes. He had whistled "Auld Lang Syne" to keep back the rising sobs as he trudged upon his way.

Not a word was spoken when the last memory haunted note died away in silence, but every one had paid the tribute of a tear to "Auld Lang Syne."

An almost forgotten poet, Robert Hinckly Messinger, quaintly wishes for old wood to burn, old books to read and old friends to talk with in an ideal old age, and he might also have added old tunes to be played in the long twilights in which he dozed and dreamed in an easy chair. It is a fact that none of the popular songs of late years survives a mayfly existence. They catch the lip, but do not hold the heart, and are written to cater to the popular fancy, unlike the old tunes which are birth marked with the joys and woes of the human race.

Music hall melodies may come and go and be forgotten, but as long as a sprig of heather blossoms on Scottish moors "Highland Mary" will bring tears to Scottish eyes, and the cruelty of "Barbara Allen" will go down through all the ages while lads go courting and lasses are capricious. Every sailor leaves a "Black Eyed Susan" in port behind him, and there is a chord in every bosom set to the wanderer's immortal cry, "Home, Sweet Home." "Annie Laurie" will live as long as the English language. Neither a Handel nor a Beethoven composed the "Marseillaise," yet it became the battlecry of a nation. It is not to the music of the symphony societies that the dying turn, but to "Rock of Ages."

Many of Gilbert & Sullivan's catchy melodies are borrowed from old ballads, and they have even "Mother Goose" to thank for some of their success.

Strauss may set the feet to dancing, Wagner tickle the brain and Mozart please the ear, but nothing can touch the heart like the old tunes.—Philadelphia Press.

Putting Wolves to Death by Torture.

One use of the whalebone to which the Eskimos put it, and one case of which came under my personal observation, I must not allow to pass unnoticed. Whenever wolves have been unusually predatory, have destroyed a favorite dog or so, or dug up a cache of reindeer meat just when it was needed, or in any way have aroused the ire of the Innuit hunter, he takes a strip of whalebone about the size of those used in corsets, wraps it up into a compact helical mass like a watch spring, having previously sharpened both ends, then ties it together with reindeer sinew and plasters it with a compound of blood and grease, which is allowed to freeze and forms a binding cement sufficiently strong to hold the sinew string at every second or third turn. This, with a lot of similar looking baits of meat and blubber, is scattered over the snow or ground, and the hungry wolf devours it along with the others, and when it is thawed out by the warmth of his stomach it elongates and has the well known effect of whalebone on the system, but having the military advantage of interior lines its effects are more rapid, killing the poor wolf, with the most horrible agonies, in a couple of days.—From an Interview With Eugene Melville, U. S. N.

A Breakfast, 1738.

Mr. Weddell, in his curious "Voyage Up the Thames," from Somerset Stairs to Windsor, in a sailing barge or boat, in March, 1738, notes that ale was then still served for breakfast. Having started about 4 o'clock one afternoon, the next morning—

> We arrived safe at Stains about Ten in the Forenoon, and went to a House of Entertainment, where everything appeared in a very good Taste: Breakfast was brought, consisting of Chocolate, Coffee, Ham, Cheese, Ale and Wine. I mention the Particulars, because it was the first time I remember seeing things brought in this manner, and is what I approve of, since in a Company of six Men, it is natural to expect at least one or two who can breakfast on Beef and Ale. Tho' I think Sippit was the only one among us of that Stamp.—P. 76.

—Notes and Queries.

A Liberal Offer.

Domestic—Please, sir, the grocer and butcher and baker and milkman are down stairs, and they say they won't leave until they are paid.

Mr. McAuber—Hem! Very well. Tell them that if they will continue to supply me with provisions they are welcomed to stay here and board it out. —New York Weekly.

HE NEVER FOUND IT OUT.

Pathetic Tale of a Lost Pocketbook and a Charming Gown.

"What a charming gown that is!" cried the young woman with the picture hat. "I only wish I had one like it, but I never could afford it."

"Neither could I, my dear, if I hadn't lost my pocketbook."

"Good gracious, prosperity has affected your mind! I don't see how."

"Well, you see, Albert gave me the money to buy a gown. I told him it was not half enough, but he protested it was every cent he could afford. I cried for two days about it, and as he didn't give in then I concluded he was really telling the truth, so I started out to do the best I could. I went to every dry goods store in town and never worked so hard in my life, but I couldn't find what I wanted at the price. Finally in despair I decided to take the first piece I had looked at, and oh, Laura, imagine my horror to find when the clerk had cut off that pattern that I had lost my pocketbook!"

"How perfectly awful!"

"Wasn't it? I thought I should die. I knew I would have to tell Albert all about it some time, so I rushed around to his office to tell him in the presence of strangers, when he could not say anything dreadful. I wept and accused myself of carelessness, when he said he would advertise, for I couldn't remember when I had it last nor how much money was in it. His partner was there, and he seemed to feel so sorry for me—he's an old bachelor—that Albert didn't scold much and actually gave me the money the second time."

"And you went and got the gown?"

"Well, no. I had changed my mind about that piece of goods, it had such a cheap look, so I just went home to think it over."

"But you never got that gown cheap?"

"No, I didn't. The fact is, I found my pocketbook on the hall table where I had left it when I took out my car fare to put in my glove. I am so careful of money that I don't like to display much in the cars."

"And what did Albert say when he found it out?"

"He would have said a great deal if he had found it out, but he never did. I knew he'd scold me for carelessness if I told him, so I just kept all the money and bought my gown. I'm so glad you like it, dear!"—Chicago Tribune.

Tariff of Wives.

In the earliest times of purchase a woman was bartered for useful goods or for services rendered to her father. In this latter way Jacob purchased Rachel and her sister Leah. This was a Beena marriage, where a man, as in Genesis, leaves his father and his mother and cleaves unto his wife, and they become one flesh or kin—the woman's. The price of a bride in British Columbia and Vancouver island varies from £20 to £40 worth of articles. In Oregon an Indian gives for her horses, blankets or buffalo robes; in California, shell money or horses; in Africa, cattle.

A poor Damara will sell a daughter for a cow. A richer Kaffir expects from three to 30. With the Banyai, if nothing be given, her family claim her children. In Uganda, where no marriage recently existed, she may be obtained for half a dozen needles, or a coat, or a pair of shoes. An ordinary price is a box of percussion caps. In other parts a goat or a couple of buckskins will buy a girl. Passing to Asia, we find her price is sometimes 5 to 50 rubles, or at others a cartload of wood or hay. A princess may be purchased for 3,000 rubles.

In Tartary a woman can be obtained for a few pounds of butter, or where a rich man gives 20 small oxen a poor man may succeed with a pig. In Fiji her equivalent is a whale's tooth or a musket. These and similar prices elsewhere are eloquent testimony to the little value a savage sets on his wife. Her charms vanish with her girlhood. She is usually married while a child, and through her cruel slavery and bitter life she often becomes old and repulsive at 25.—Westminster Review.

Sewage In Germany.

The claim is made for Germany of having the most complete and successful system of sewage disposal of any country on the continent of Europe. In Berlin, where the features of this system are so perfectly represented, the drains from the houses receive both the rainwater, the refuse water from the kitchen, etc., and the contents of the water closets, conducting them to an arrangement of radial sewers, through which, by a natural fall, they pass to a dozen different pumping stations within the area of the town. From these the sewage, through the medium of combined force and suction pumps, proceeds through pipes of 3 feet or still greater diameter to the land which the corporation of Berlin possesses, the material thence making its final exit through a system of conduits so arranged that, before reaching them, it has parted with all its manurial power to the soil through which it is made to pass. The sewage water thus filtered reaches the river through the natural fall of the conduits in a comparatively purified state.—New York Sun.

With Your Cup of Coffee.

The invalid who is tired of taking her egg tonic with sherry, and who dislikes the taste of a raw egg, may be glad to know that the egg may be effectually disguised in a cup of coffee. Prepare the coffee to the taste, with cream and sugar, keeping it very hot until ready for the egg, which must be beaten thoroughly in another cup, and the prepared coffee added by degrees to it. Drink it hot, and you will find it not only palatable, but strengthening.—Philadelphia Times.

Baked Milk.

Put milk in an earthenware jar. Cover the opening with thick paper and bake in a moderate oven until the milk is as thick as cream. This is often palatable to invalids who do not care for milk.—New York World.

Anecdotes of Parrots.

Why parrots have been fated to be made the heroes of so many strange tales it is puzzling to say, but the fact remains. We all remember the cheeky bird at the parrot show who, uncovered last of all among the competitors, placed his head knowingly on one side and ejaculated: "My eye! What a lot of parrots!" of course securing the prize. I knew a parrot once who affected modesty and bashfulness, who put his claw before his face and shyly informed his audience, "Polly had a letter this morning—offer of marriage for Polly." And there was another gray friend of my youth who would entreat the cook for dinner in the tenderest terms and swear like a hundred troopers if not attended to.

We have all heard the tale of the publican's parrot who was pumped on for proclaiming that the beer had gone sour and remarked to the cat, on seeing that quadruped march in dripping wet, "Your beer's gone sour!" The last of the series of parrot stories that has reached me is that of a large green bird who seemed somewhat slow of speech, and who so provoked his master by his stupidity that that young gentleman, who was trying to teach his bird to welcome a rich relative with the words, "Good morning, uncle," lost all patience and shook the poor wretch from side to side, grasping its throat the while and reiterating: "Say good morning, uncle, you devil! Say good morning, uncle, you devil!" A few days later this impatient young man heard a terrible noise in the fowlhouse. On making his way there he found the bodies of three hens prone upon the clay floor, while on a perch in the corner was the parrot, holding a fourth fowl by the throat and shrieking with rage, "Say good morning, uncle, you devil!" —London Sketch.

Beef Tea For Roses.

All travelers agree that there are nowhere else roses so magnificent as those that cover the garden wall of the old Roman palace in the Via Sistini, in which once lived the famous epicure, Lucullus. Rome is a city of roses. They run riot, but those of the old palace have become celebrated. Their odor is passionate in its intensity. Their form, their every petal, the way they hang upon their stems, is picturelike. The color of some is deep, deep crimson, almost black at the heart. In others it is cameo pink, changing to rich cream tints at the center; others are the bright yellow that mellows into gold; others are the white that is like melted moonlight in the petal cup. I lived next door the house overlooking the palace garden, and I had frequently asked myself, "What has produced these superb roses?"

One day I saw the gardener, whose love for his roses is almost pagan, watering them carefully at the roots with a clear dark liquid. I was sure that this was the feeding that had to do with the secret of their wonderful beauty. On investigation I learned that the wealth of odor and coloring was the result of animal food. That mysterious libation which I had seen poured at their roots was strong beef tea, made from fresh cuts of beef and strained. The old gardener himself invented the idea. This reminded me how luxuriantly I had seen ferns of every kind, even the most delicate, growing in several spots in Germany where the brewers had bestowed their refuse malt.—Buffalo Express.

Fish as Scavengers.

Fish have their uses to humanity over and above serving as food material or as unwilling caterers to the sport of the fisherman. Although it may seem odd so to speak of them, they often are as indispensable to a country place as a dog or a cat. If that country place happens to be one that is supplied with running water, and this is used for ornament in ponds or fountains, two things are pretty sure to bother the owner. One is the well known green scum which spreads over the waters of ponds and fountain basins. When its growth begins, the plant is pretty. It starts from the bottom as soon as the sun gets high, in May or June, and sends upward a delicate, graceful, wavy thread of vivid green. Until it reaches the surface it remains pretty, but once there it spreads along and rots and is soon offensive in several ways. The other nuisance from standing water, even when it is often renewed and directly from the springs, is mosquitoes. The wigglers grow there. The remedy for both of these troubles is fish, and the two kinds that will cure them happen to be the two most desirable for other reasons. Goldfish will keep the green scum from growing, and yellow perch, or, as they are generally called, sunfish, will destroy the mosquito wigglers. The sunfish one has to catch, but the goldfish can be bought, two for a quarter, in the fish and bird stores of this city.—New York Sun.

Opportunities.

Some one has said that "every face ought to be beautiful at 40," and another that "no old person has a right to be ugly, because he has had all his life in which to grow beautiful." That is to say that life's opportunities of nobleness, of even 40 years of opportunity, if well used, are enough to make so much beauty within that it cannot help coming to the surface in graceful habits of the nerves and muscles. The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, kindly lightings to the eyes, restful lines of self control about the lips, pure shining of the face as great thoughts kindle inwardly—these things no parent makes inevitably ours and no fitful week or two of goodness gives them, and no schooling of the visage either, but only habitual nobleness and graciousness within, and this will give them all. Nor does a wise man think he has watched the quick expressions which flit across the face unconsciously. The truth will out, and in these flashing motions sometimes we catch the rascals under a handsome mask, and sometimes catch the angel where we had not looked for one.—Rev. W. C. Gannett.

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Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seita, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Mets; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Mathew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 773 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hipchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1067 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Elingauler, 465 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 138 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1080 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 266 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph He[illegible]; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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